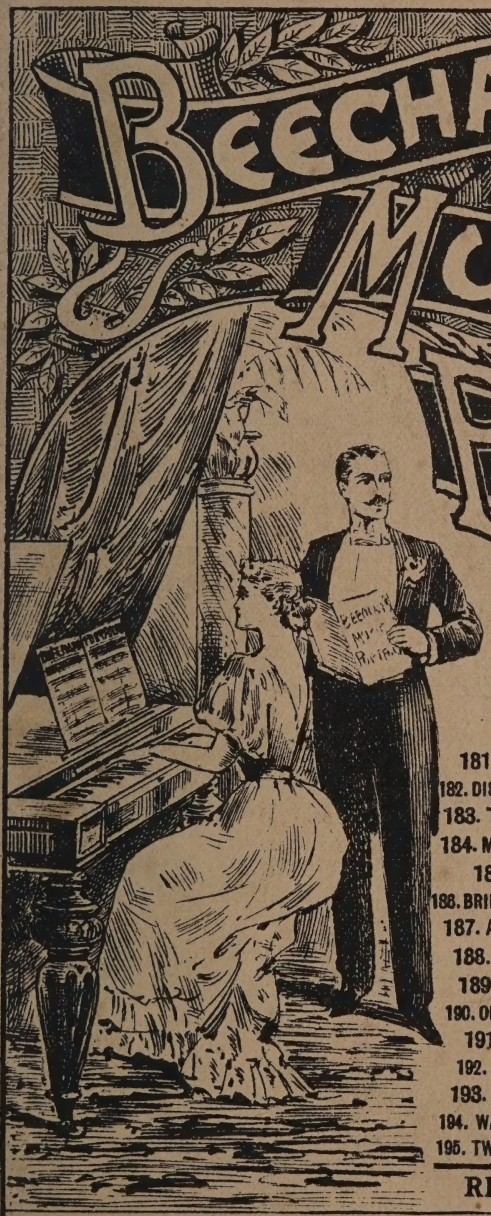
PRICE TWOPENCE - PER POST THREEPENCE.

BEECHAM'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS. ST. HELENS LANCASHIRE



Vol. 7.

CONTENTS.

181. AFTER THE BALL
182. DISTANT VOIO'SO'ERTH'SEA
183. THE CAT CAME BACK
184. Mc. SORLEY'S TWINS
185. THE IVY GREEN
186. BRID'LM'CHFR' 'LOHENGRIN'
187. AS PANTS THE HART
188. THE LOST CHORD
189. THE HAZEL DELL
190. OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS
191. ISLE OF BEAUTY
192. BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND
193. SWEET GENEVIEVE
194. WASHINGTON POST MARCH
195. TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE
196. JESSIE, THE FLOWER O'
197. STARLIGHT
198. WEEP NO MORE
199. PRETTY BIRDIE
200. LITTLE BLUE EYES 'WALTZ'
201. NOT YET
202. THE DEAR OLD HOME
203. MOLLY BROWN
204. MARGUERITE
205. THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL
206. ONLY A SWEET L'TLE L'TT'R
207. HEAVENWARDS
208. HEAVENWARD MARCH
209. SWEET MARIE
210. M'CH FROM 'TANNHAUSER

RETAILED UNDER COST PRICE

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO, Contents:

Vol. 1. Tom Bowling...Heart Bowed Down ..Rocked in the Cradle...I Dreamt that I Dwelt...When other Lips... Caller Herrin'...My Pretty Jane ..Fair Land of Poland...Men of Harlech...Happy Moments...Let Me Like a Soldier Fall ...Scenes that are Brightest...Alas those Chimes...There is a Flower ..Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte, Book 1, Nos. 4 and 6; Book 2, No. 3; Book 3, No. 4...Banjo Praises...Holy Friar...Guinea a Box Polka...Coming through the Rye... Hearts of Oak...Rosebud of Health Waltz..Home, Sweet Home...John Peel...Beecham's Chimes Galop...Anchor's Weighed...Robin Adair...Beecham's Annual Quadrille.

Vol. 2. Good luck to Beecham's Pills..Waft her, angels...He shall feed His Flock...Lord! remember David... Angels ever bright...He was despised...Pious Orgies...But the Lord is mindful...Jerusalem...The Pastoral Symphony... We're a' noddin'...The Bells of Aberdovey...Vicar of Bray...Mill Wheel...Last Rose of Summer.. Auld Lang Syne... White Wings...Sally in our Alley...The Thorn..Bay of Biscay...After...The Harbour Lights.. "Kisses"...Death of Nelson . Happy-go-Lucky Galop...St. Helen's Waltz..Drink to me only...The Banks of Allan Water...Here's to the Maiden...Ruddier than the Cherry.

Vol. 3. Rory O'More...Pilgrim of Love...Within a Mile . Bailiff's Daughter...Ye Banks and Braes..Miller of the Dee...O wert thou in When ye gang awa', Jamie...If with all your hearts...O rest in the Lord...All's Well...First Violet ...Bonnie Sweet Bessie ..What will you do, love ..Molly Bawn...Beecham Waltz...Angels whisper...Four-leaved Shamrock ..The Spanish Cavalier ..Wearin' o' the Green...Baby Boy...A Charming Polka...Who's that Calling? Light of other Days...The Legacy...I would that my love...The Wrong Man...Pretty Pond Lilies ..Knock at my window...The Wanderer.

Vol. 4. Song that reached my heart...Love not...Pride of Lancashire Polka...Gathering up the shells.. Sing me an English Song...Jeanette and Jeannot...Little Nell...Listen to my tale...We may be happy yet...Guinea Pills Gavotte...In this old Chair...Ruth...Life let us cherish...When the swallows...My darling Clementine.. Sweet Madoline...A boy's best friend...The Bogie Man...Stephanie Gavotte...Norah, the pride of...Days when we went gipsying...The Monks of Old... Johnny Sands...Kate O'Shane...Here's a health unto his Majesty...Childhood's Happy Days...When life and hope are young...Our hands have met ..Truth in Absence ..Pill Box Waltz.

Vol. 5. Maggie Murphy's Home...The Irish Emigrant...The Old Folks at Home...I'll take you home again...The Village Clock...Fairy Wedding Waltz...Only to see her face again...Charity (Sacred Song)...A flower from Mother's grave ...Hearts and Homes . The Farmer's Boy ..The low-back'd Car...The Diver (Bass Song)...The Gipsy Countess (vocal duet) Philis is my only joy...What are the wild waves saying?...Cherry ripe...Simon the Cellarer...The Better Land.. The Auld House ..The best of friends must part...The Minstrel Boy...Tout à la Joie Polka...The Harp that once...Annie Laurie...Weel may the keel row...Consider the Lilies...Down where the Violets blow...The Meeting of the Waters...The Rustic Beauty Polka.

Vol. 6. I love the merry sunshine...Teaching McFadden to waltz ..Will ye no come back...Nearer my God to Thee ...The joyful Peasant...The cows are in the clover...Maid of Llangollen...Thy will be done...Auld Robin Gray... Christmas Piece...The Wishing Gate...The merry little fat grey man...Ring the bell, watchman...The Outcast Unknown ...Blue Bells of Scotland...The lass that loves a sailor..Sans Peur .When the tide comes in...The picture with its face towards the wall...I'm a merry Zingara...The White Squall...Sincere Love Gavotte...Close the Shutters ..Down by the river side I stray ..A Soldier and a Man...Th' Little Sawt Lad...McGee's back yard...The Soldier's Tear...Les Adieux (*Beethoven*)...The Tipperary Christening.

Vol. 7. After the ball...Distant voices o'er the sea...The cat came back...McSorley's Twins...The Ivy Green... Bridal March from "Lohengrin"...As pants the hart...The lost chord ..The Hazel Dell ..Oh! dem golden slippers...Isle of Beauty...The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'...Sweet Genevieve...The "Washington Post" march...Two little girls in blue...Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane...Starlight...Weep no more...Pretty birdie.. "Little blue eyes" waltz ..Not yet.. The dear old home...Molly Brown...Marguerite...The moon behind the hill...Only a sweet little letter...Heavenwards... Heavenward (march celeste)...Sweet Marie...March from "Tannhaüser."

Vol. 8. She wore a Wreath...Kathleen...John Anderson...Around the old Camp...Hymn of Eve ..Watching for Pa ...Teddy O'Neale...Friar John...Ecoutez-moi ..Canadian Boat Song...Edelweiss Song...Old Arm Chair...Rose softly blooming...Friends were saying ..By the sad sea waves...Baby Mine...Mary of Argyle...Riding on a load...Kate Kearney... Love was once. .Cock Robin...Merry Elves Polka ..Down by the old Abbey ..I have heard sweet music...There s a beautiful Land...Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee...When sorrow sleepeth...Old Log Cabin...Rock a-bye Baby...Good Rhein Wine.

Vol. 9. Ever of Thee I'm fondly...Melody in F (*Rubinstein*)...Ben Bolt...Come Rest on this Bosom . Handel's Largo in G.. My Darling and I...I traced her little...Highland Schottische...Cruiskeen Lawn...Beautiful Flowers...March in C...Only a lock of hair...Where are you going?...Princess May Gavotte...Why is it so?...Come where my love lies... March in Scipio...Won't you buy my pretty?...My heart's best love...My Lady's Polka...Don't be sorrowful...Bonnie Dundee...Little Brown Jug...Forget me not, "Eyes"...Juanita...March Funèbre...Fly not yet...Jolly Young Waterman... Ruby Schottische...Come back, Sweetheart.

Vol. 10. My mother bids me...Bonaparte's Grand March...Oft in the stilly night...Doctor Darkey...Kiss the little ones...Blue Danube waltz...Jack's farewell...Dear harp of my Country ..Pastorelle (*Beethoven*)...Come home again...The flowing bowl...Ninon Gavotte...Children's happy voices...Out on the lonely deep...Meet me by moonlight...Dead March... Peggy Malloy.. Cabin with the roses...Dreaming of home...Thou, O God, art praised...Princess Schottische...He thought of home...Andante (*Haydn*)...Twilight pictures...Erin, dear Erin...Sir Roger de Coverley...Hybrias the Cretan...Gigue (*Correlli*)...Heaven's messenger...Come back to the old folks.

Price 2d. per Volume, or post free 3d. per Volume, from

THOMAS BEECHAM,

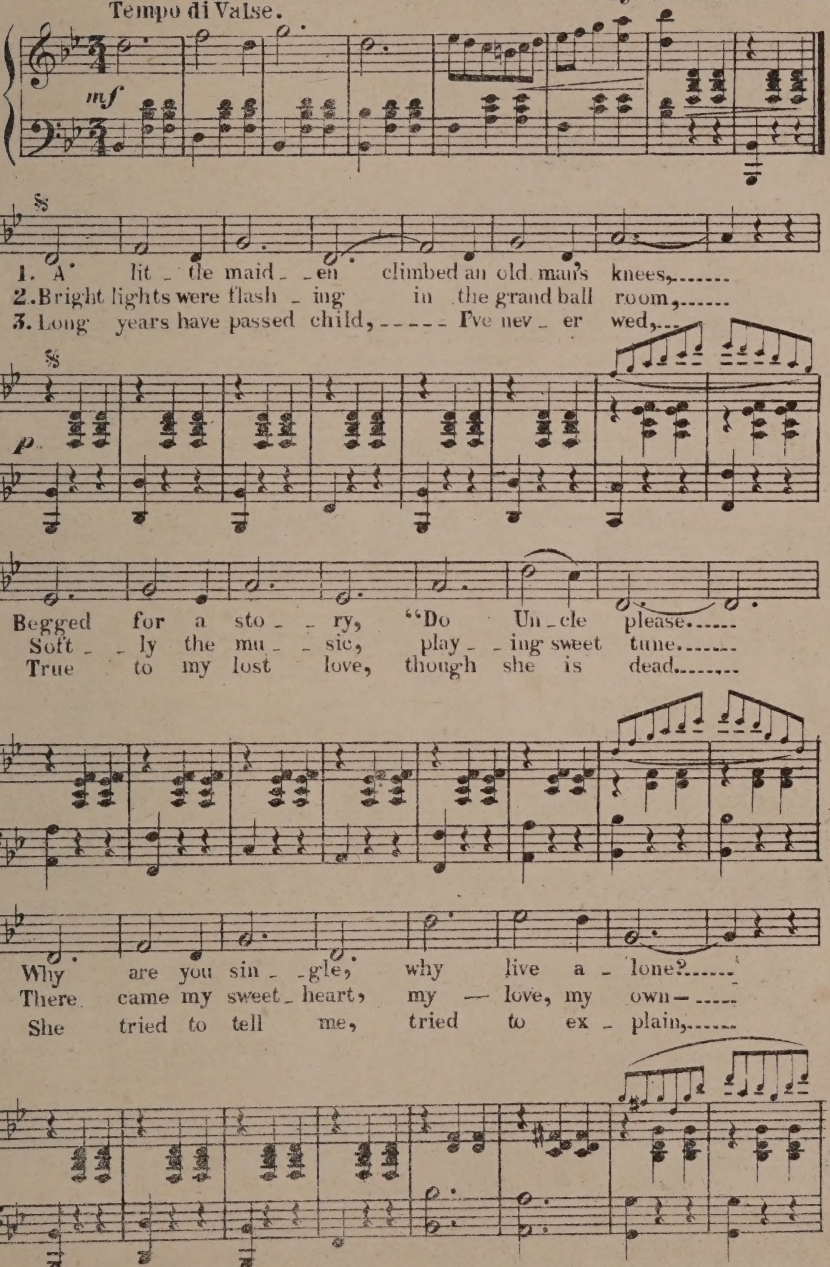
(Proprietor of Beecham's Pills),

ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

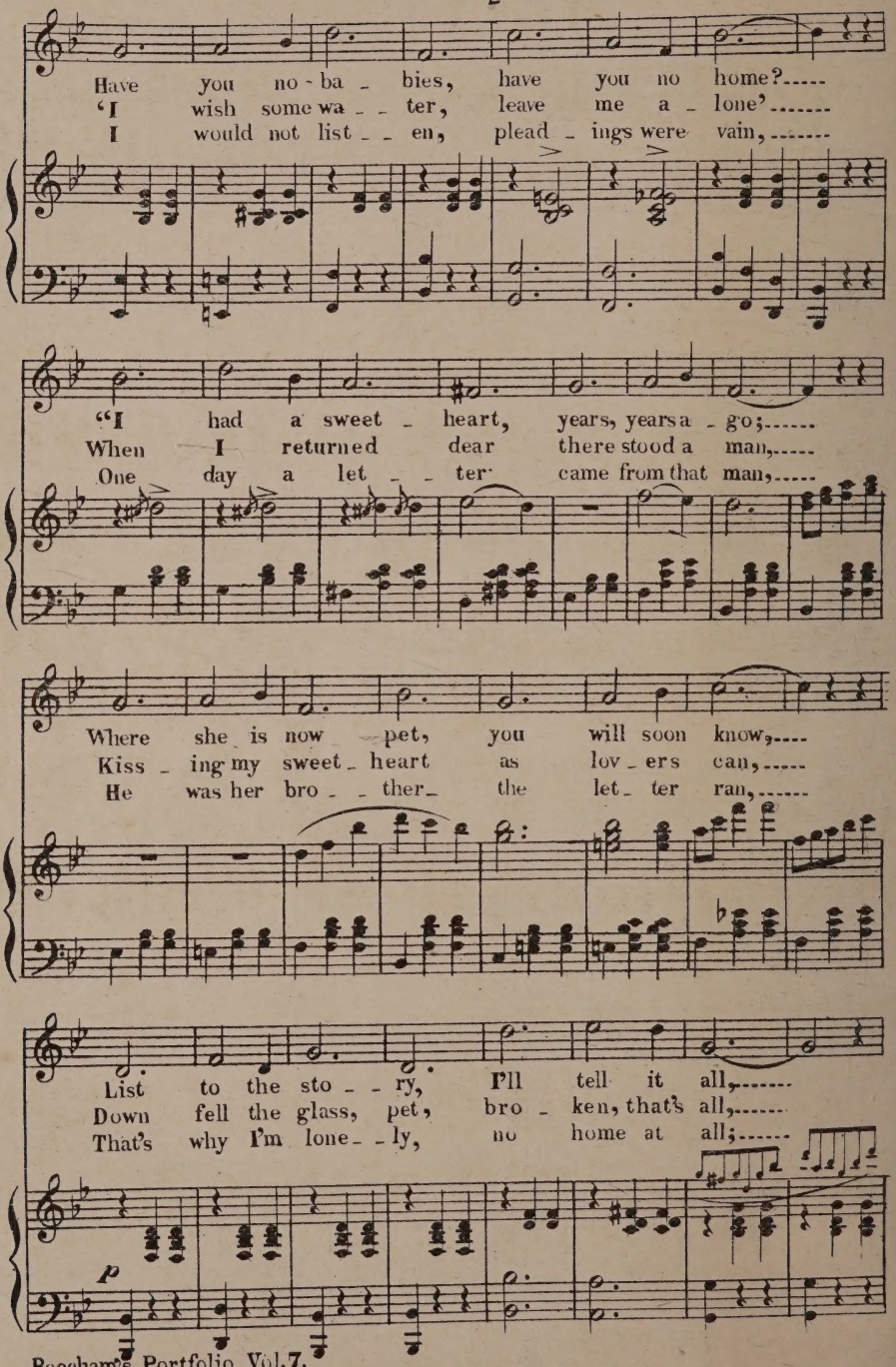
AFTER THE BALL.

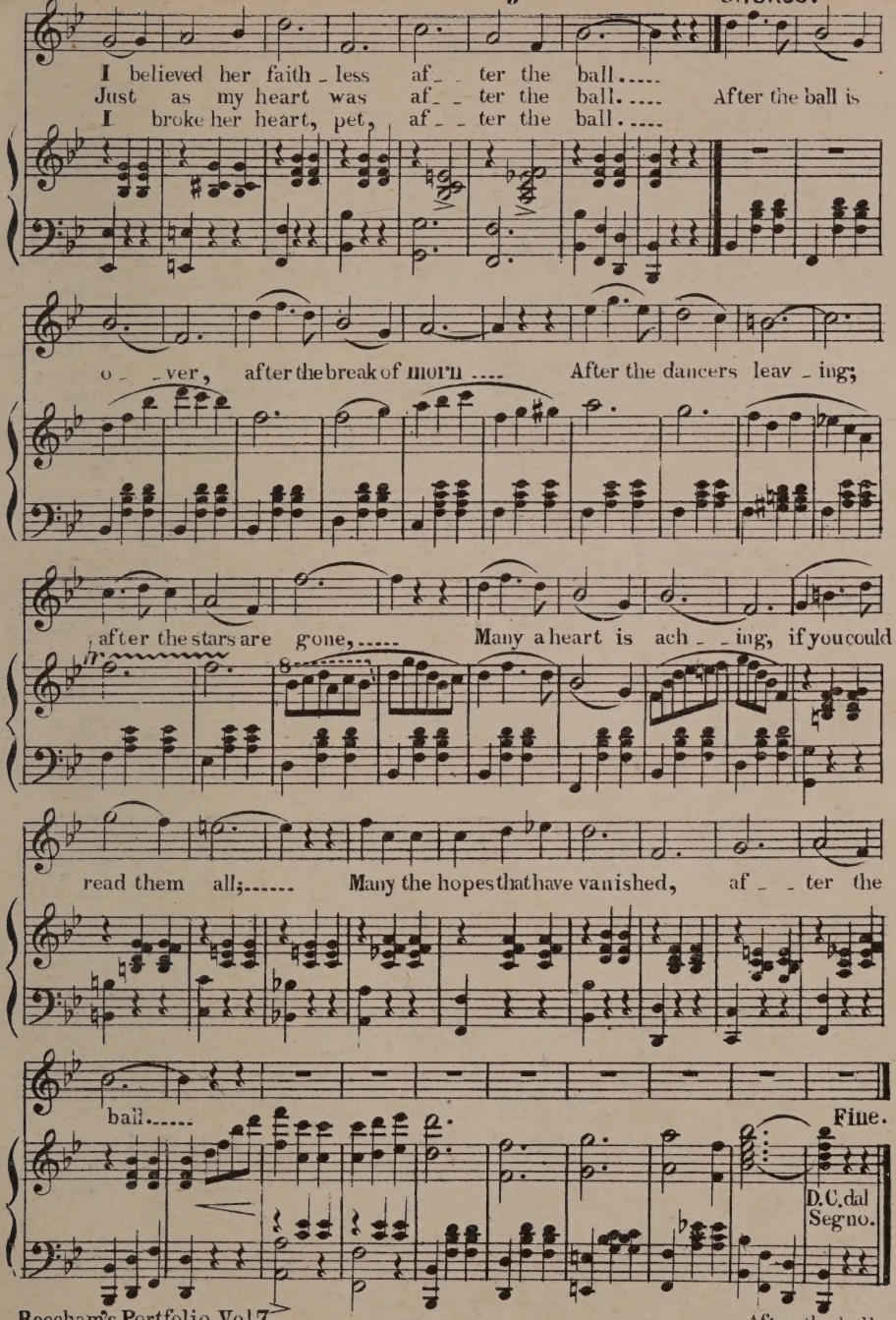
Words & Music
by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Tempo di Valse.



22 5008 35237

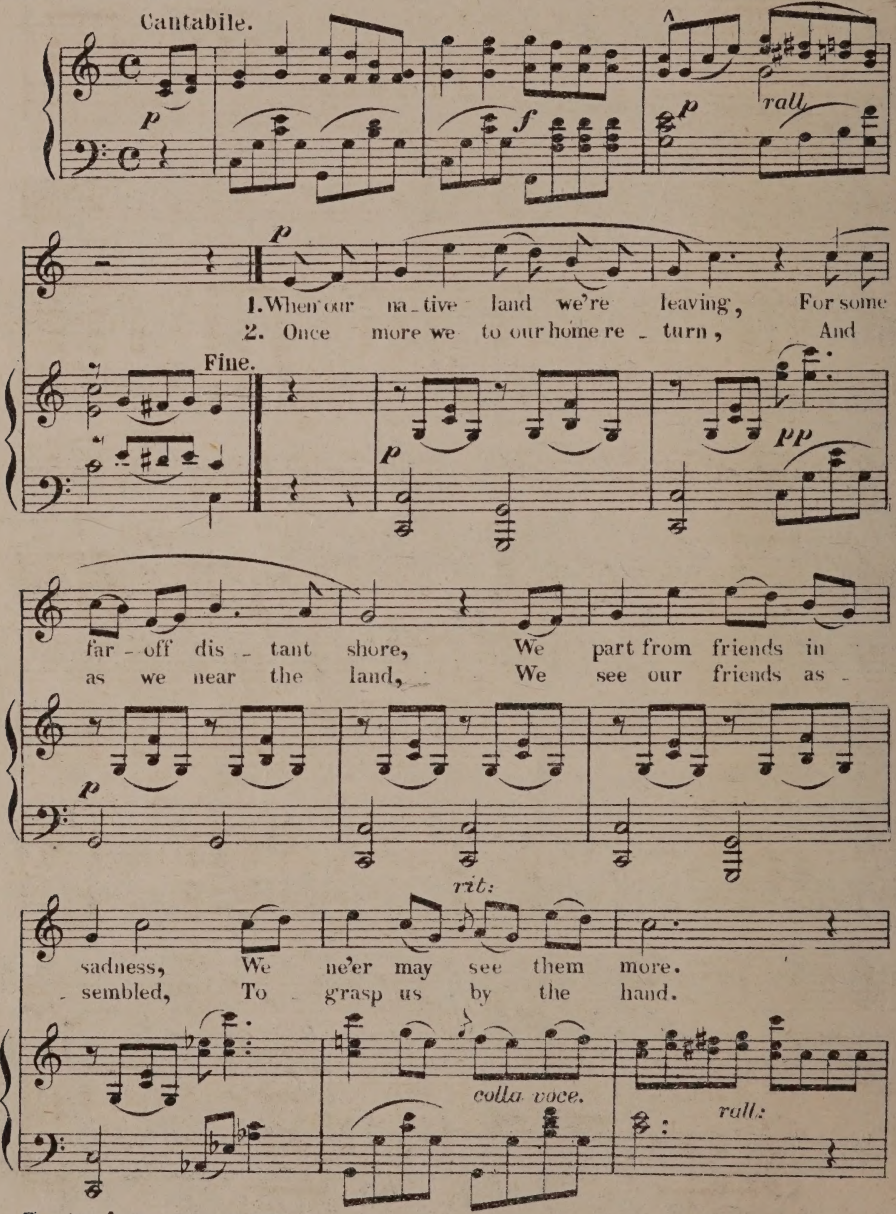

Have you no - ba - bies, have you no home?
'I wish some wa - - ter, leave me a - lone'
I would not list - - en, plead - ings were vain,
"I had a sweet - heart, years, years a - go;
When I returned dear there stood a man,
One day a let - - ter came from that man,
Where she is now pet, you will soon know,
Kiss - ing my sweet - heart as lov - ers can,
He was her bro - - ther the let - ter ran,
List to the sto - - ry, I'll tell it all,
Down fell the glass, pet, bro - ken, that's all,
That's why I'm lone - - ly, no home at all;
p

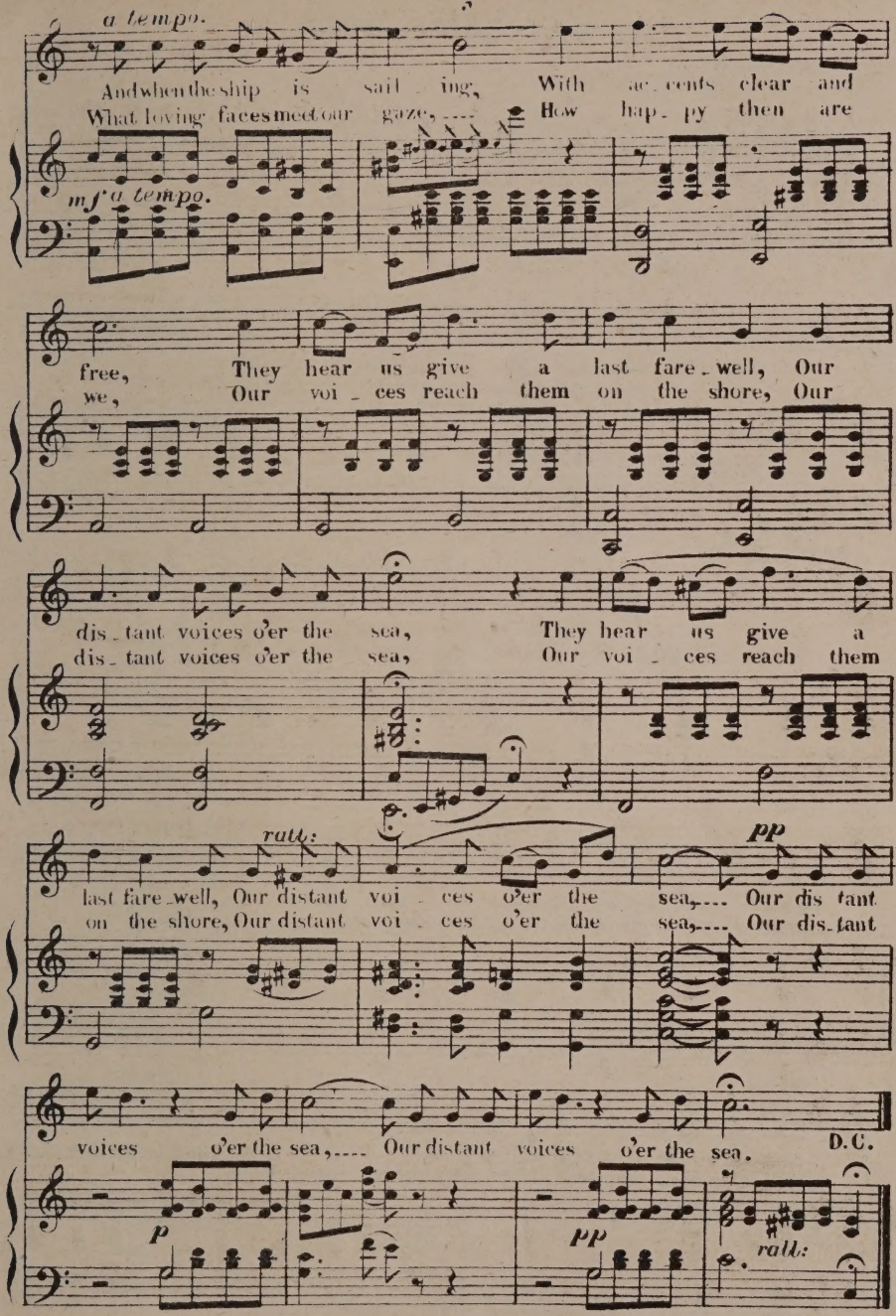

I believed her faith - less af - - ter the ball.....
Just as my heart was af - - ter the ball.....
I broke her heart, pet, af - - ter the ball.....
After the ball is
o - - ver, after the break of morn ....
After the dancers leav - ing;
after the stars are gone,.....
Many a heart is ach - - ing, if you could
read them all;.....
Many the hopes that have vanished, af - - ter the
ball.....
Fine.
D.C. dal Segno.

DISTANT VOICES O'ER THE SEA.

Words by
CHAS: W. ROOKE.

Music by
F. A. RADWAY.

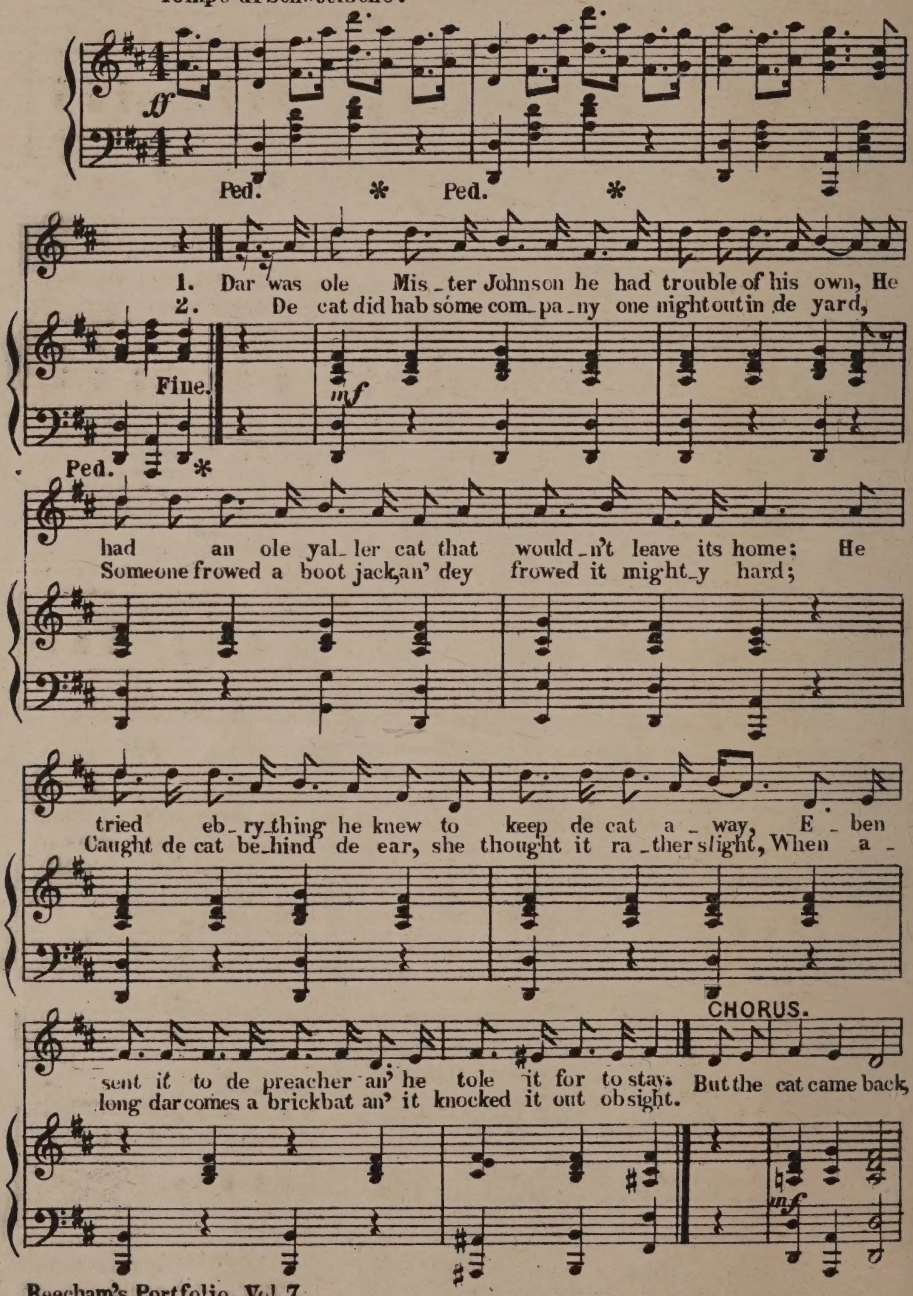


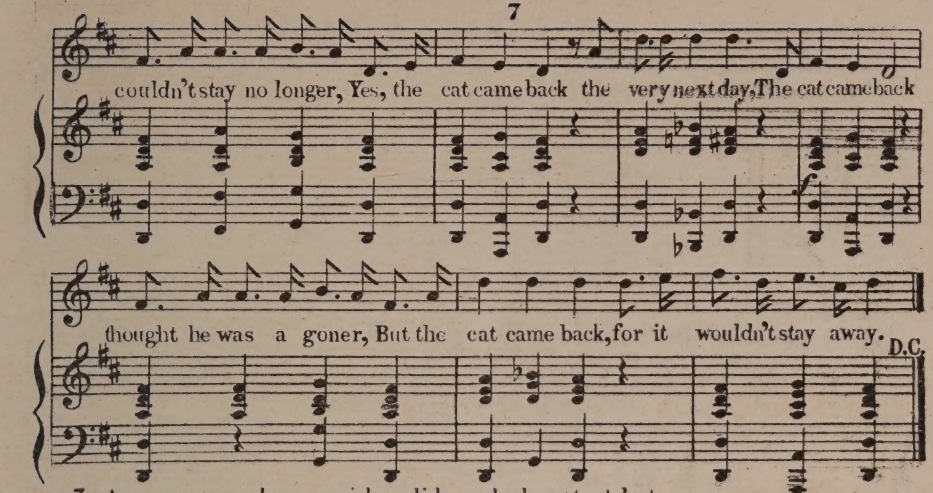

a tempo.
And when the ship is sail - ing, With ac - cents clear and
What loving faces meet our gaze, How hap - py then are
mf a tempo.
free, They hear us give a last fare - well, Our
we, Our voi - ces reach them on the shore, Our
dis - tant voices o'er the sea, They hear us give a
dis - tant voices o'er the sea, Our voi - ces reach them
rall:
last fare - well, Our distant voi - ces o'er the
on the shore, Our distant voi - ces o'er the
pp
sea,.... Our dis - tant
sea,.... Our dis - tant
voices o'er the sea,.... Our distant voices o'er the sea.
D.C.
p
pp
rall:

THE CAT CAME BACK.

Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.

Tempo di Schottische.





3. Away across de ocean dey did send de cat at last,
Vessel only out a day and making water fast;
People all begin to pray, de boat begin to toss,
When a-nodder vessel came along and took de people off— CHORUS.

4. On a telegraph wire sparrows sitting in a bunch,
Cat a-feeling hungry thought she'd like 'em for a lunch;
Climbing softly up de pole, and when she reached de top,
Put her foot upon de'lectric wire which tied her in a knot— CHORUS.

5. One time did gib de cat away to a man in a balloon,
An' tole him for to gib it to de man in de moon;
But de bloon it busted, sho, an' eb'rybody said,
It wer seben miles away or more dey pick'd de man up dead— CHORUS.

6. De cat was a possessor ob a family ob its own,
Wid seben little kittens till dar comes a cyclone;
Blowed de houses all apart and tossed de cat around,
While de air was full ob kittens not a one was eber found— CHORUS.

7. De cat it were a terror, and dey said it wer de best,
To gib it to a nigger who was goin' out West;
De train goin' round de curve struck a broken rail,
Not a blessed soul aboard de train wer left to tell de tale— CHORUS.

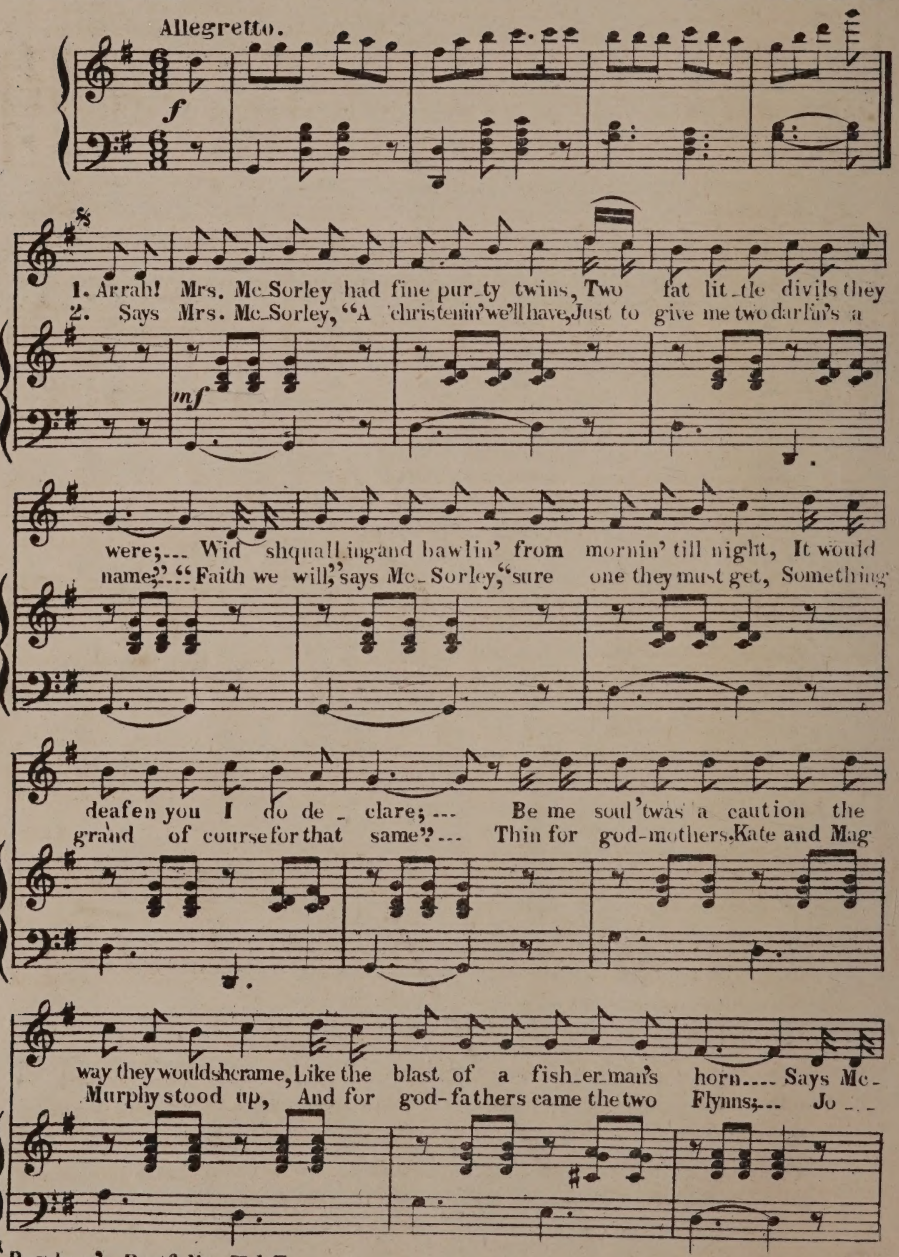
8. A man on de corner swore to kill de cat at sight,
Loaded up a musket full ob nails and dynamite.
Waited in de garden for de cat to come around,
Half a dozen little pieces ob de man was all dey found— CHORUS.

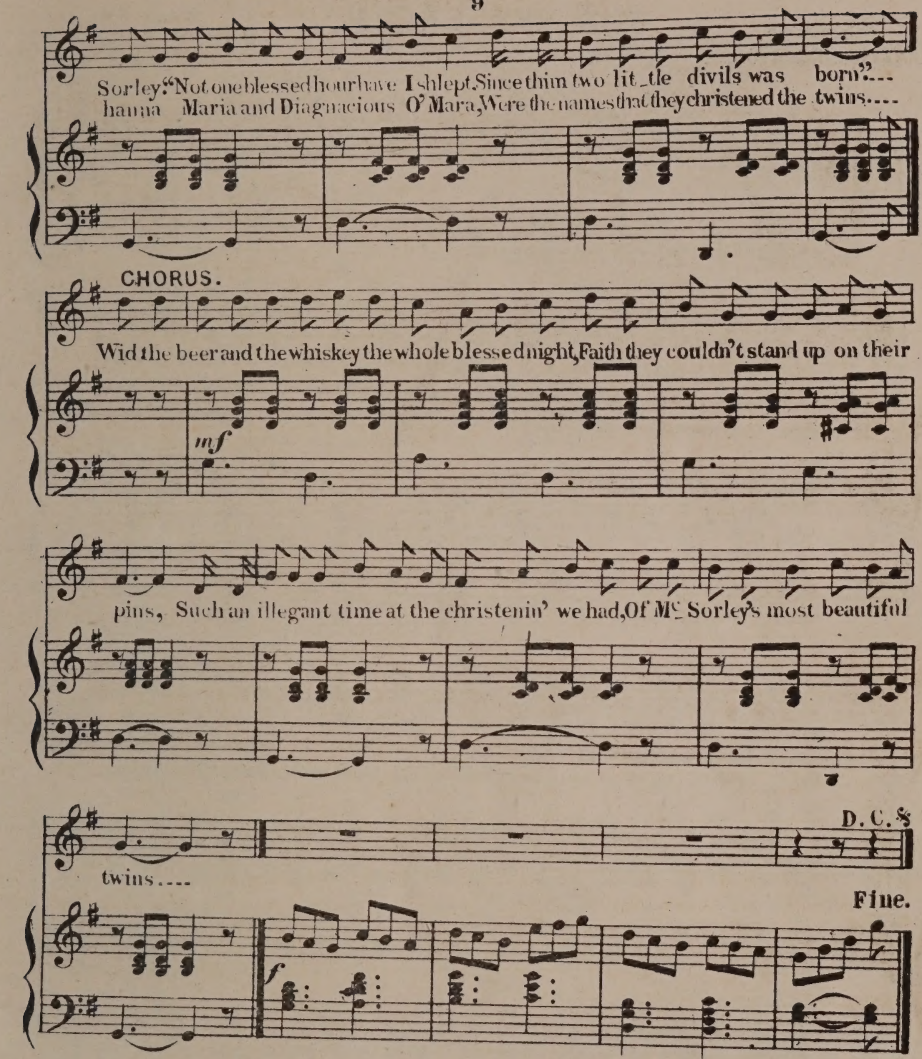
9. Little boy took de cat away he got a dollar note;
Took it down de ribber in a little open boat;
Tied a brick around its neck, an' stone about a pound,
Now dey're grappling in de ribber for a little boy that's drowned— CHORUS.

10. While de cat lay a-sleeping an' a resting one day,
Round came an organ-grinder an' he began to play,
De cat look'd around awhile an' kinder raised her head,
When he played Ta-rah-dah boom-da-rah, an' de cat dropped dead.
But its ghost came back to tell you all about it,
Yes! its ghost came back, between you and I,
Its ghost came back may be you will doubt it,
But its ghost came back just to bid 'em all good-bye.

Mc SORLEY'S TWINS.

Words and Music by GUS PHILLIPS.





3

Whin the christenin' was over the company begun,
Wid good whiskey to fill up their shkins;
And the neighbors kem in just to wish a good luck
To Mc Sorley's most beautiful twins.
Whin ould Mrs Mullins had drank all her punch,
Faith her legs wouldn't howld her at all;
She fell flat on her stomach on top av the twins,
And they sot up a murtherin shquall.

4

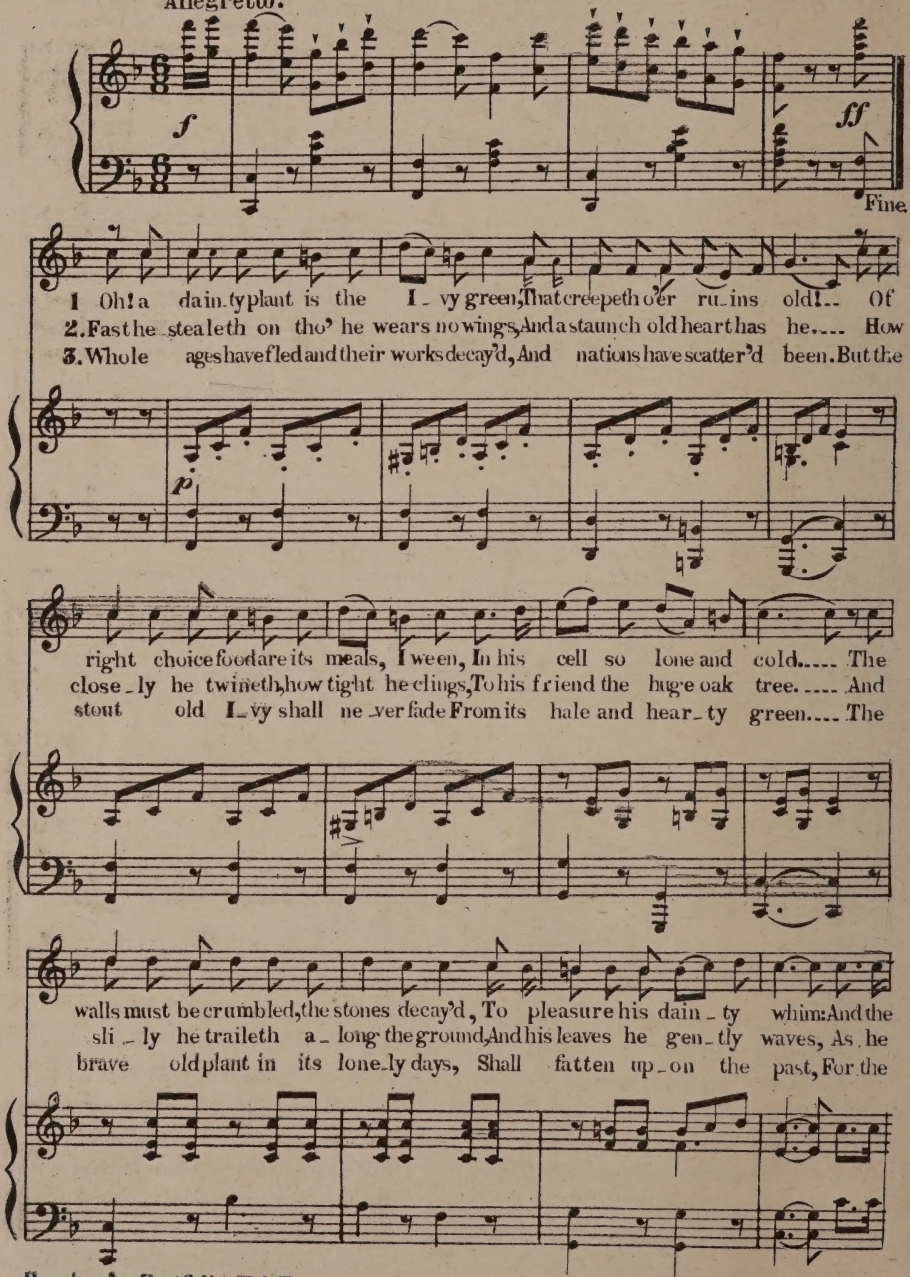
Thin Mrs. Mc Sorley jumped up in a rage,
And she threatened Miss Mullins' life;
Says ould Denny Mullins, "I'll bate the first man,
That'd dar lay a hand on me wife!"
The Mc Ganns and the Geoghans, they had an ould grudge,
And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynns,
They fought like the divil, turned over the bed;
And they shmothered the poor little twins.

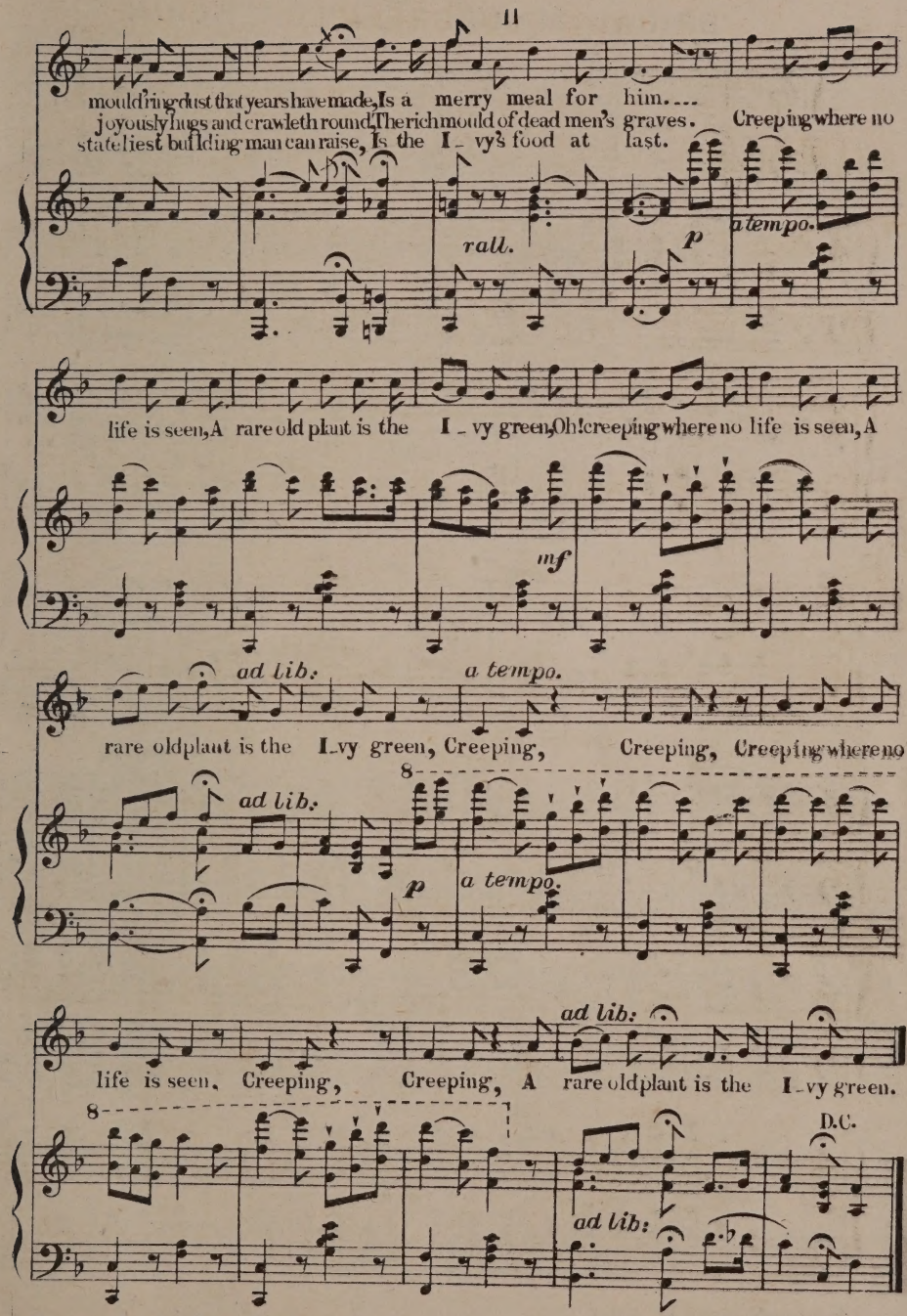
Words by
CHAS: DICKENS.

THE IVY GREEN.

Music by
HENRY RUSSELL.

Allegretto.

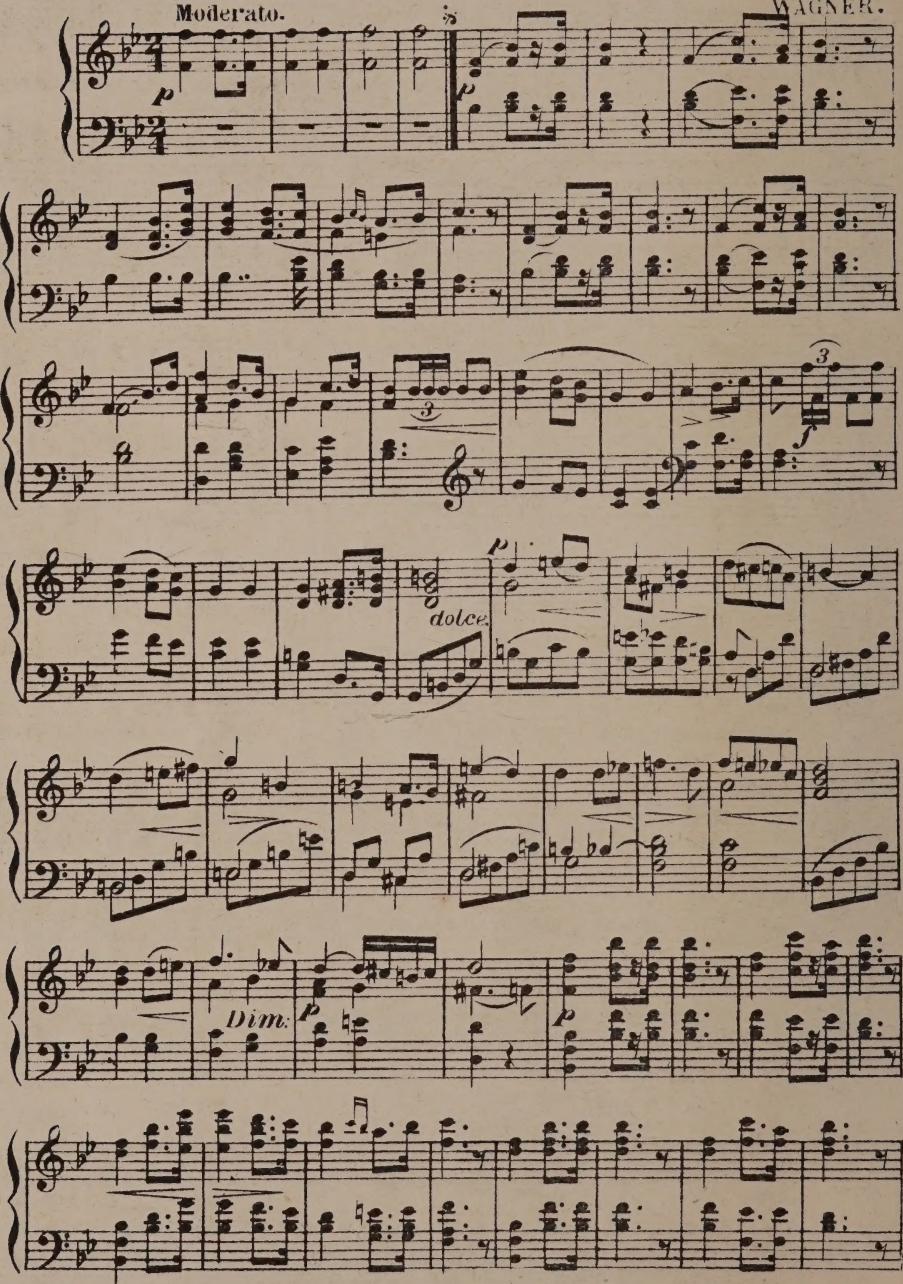


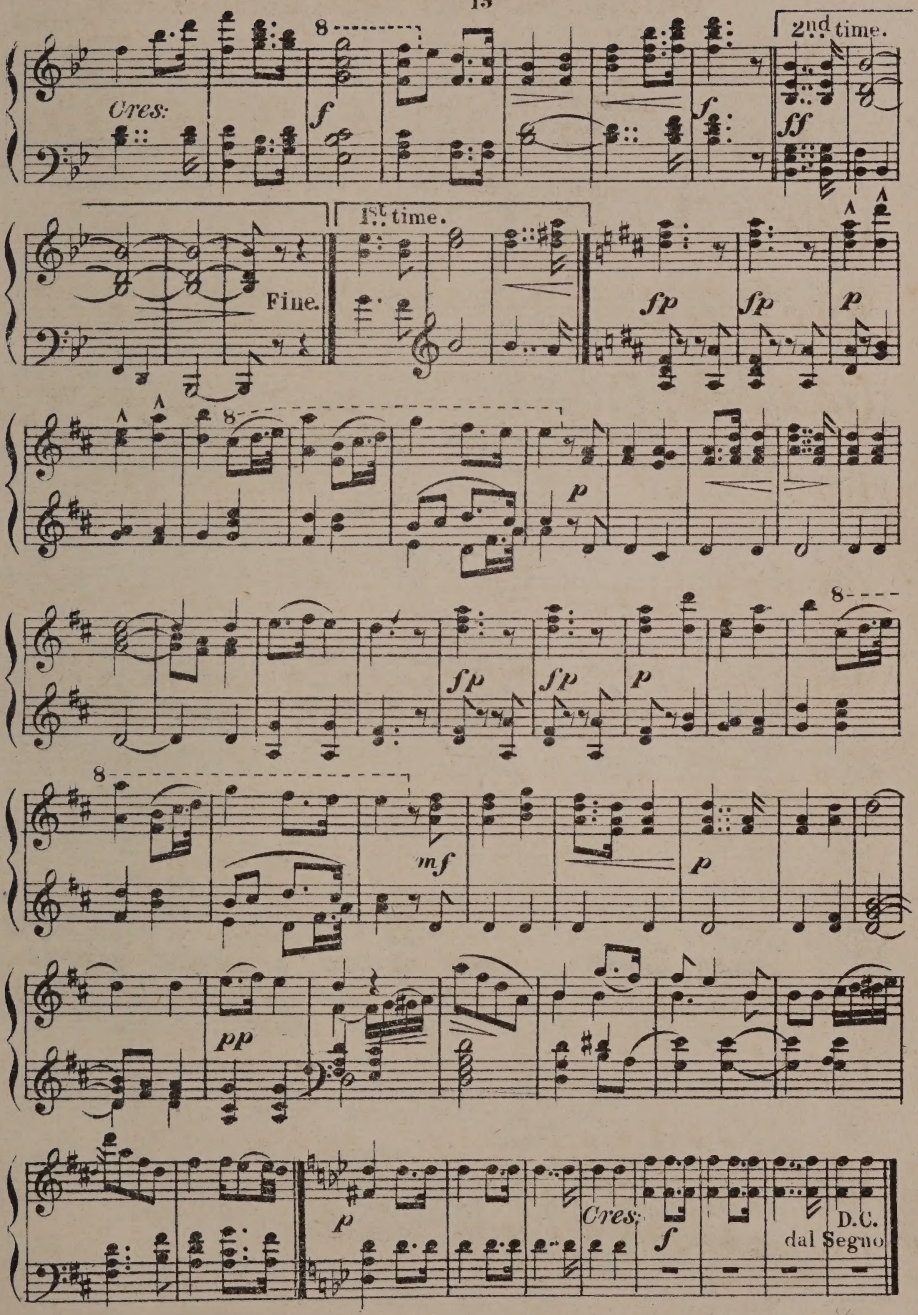

mould'ring dust that years have made, Is a merry meal for him....
joyously hugs and crawleth round The rich mould of dead men's graves. Creeping where no
state liest building man can raise, Is the I_vy's food at last.
rall.
p
a tempo.
life is seen, A rare old plant is the I_vy green, Oh! creeping where no life is seen, A
mf
ad lib:
a tempo.
rare old plant is the I_vy green, Creeping, Creeping, Creeping where no
8
ad lib:
p
a tempo.
ad lib:
life is seen, Creeping, Creeping, A rare old plant is the I_vy green.
8
D.C.
ad lib:

BRIDAL MARCH FROM "LOHENGRIN."

WAGNER.

Moderato.

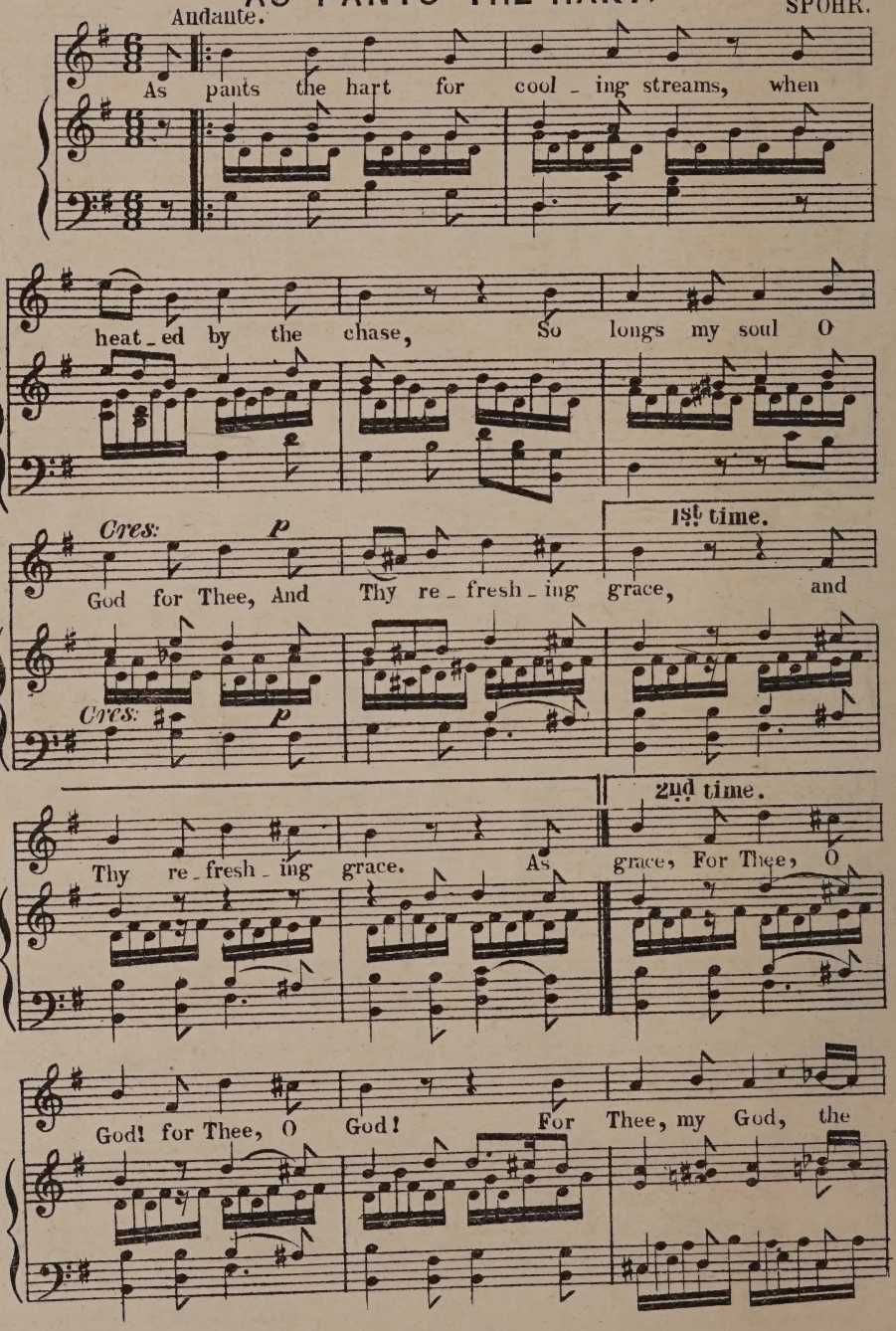


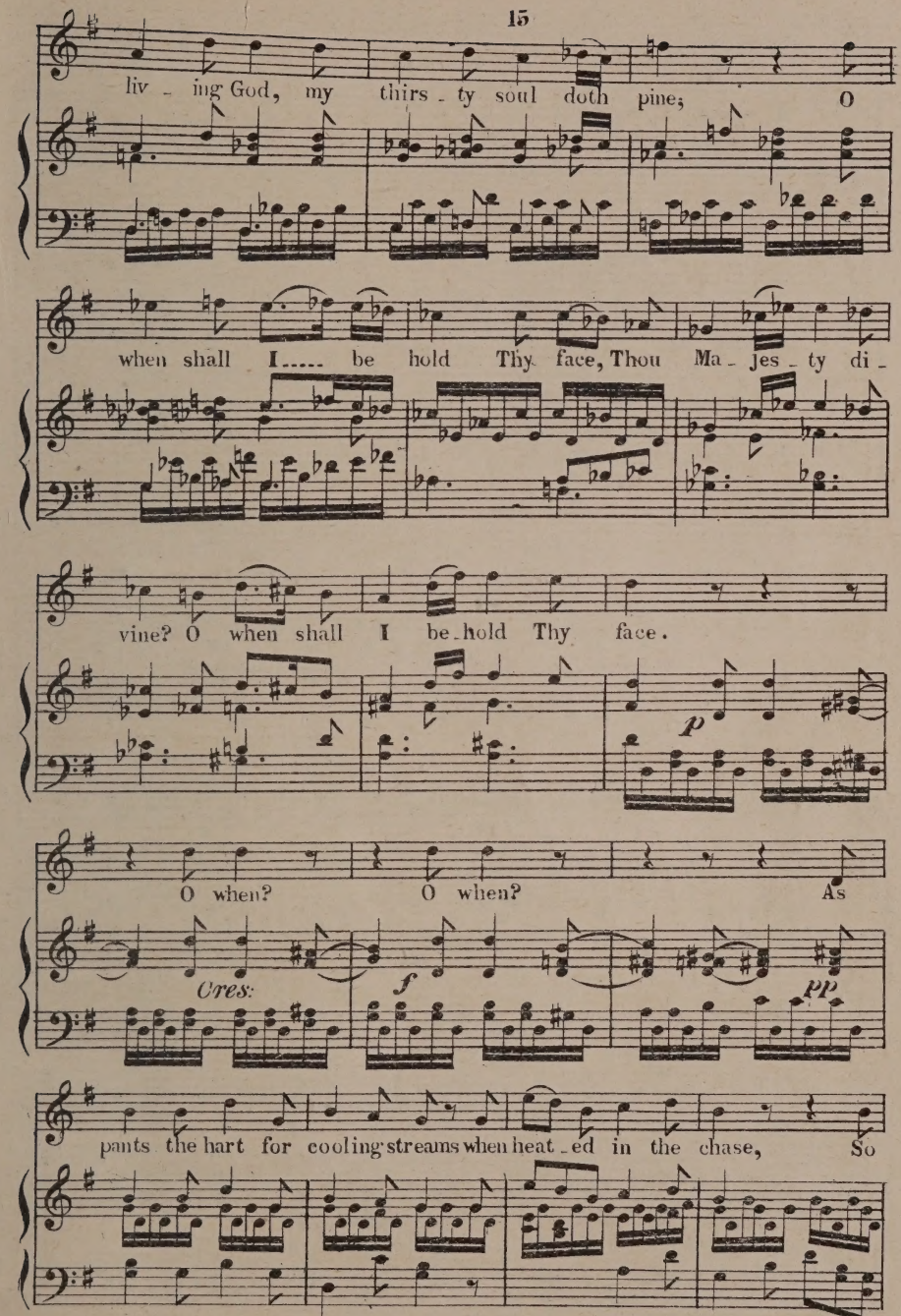


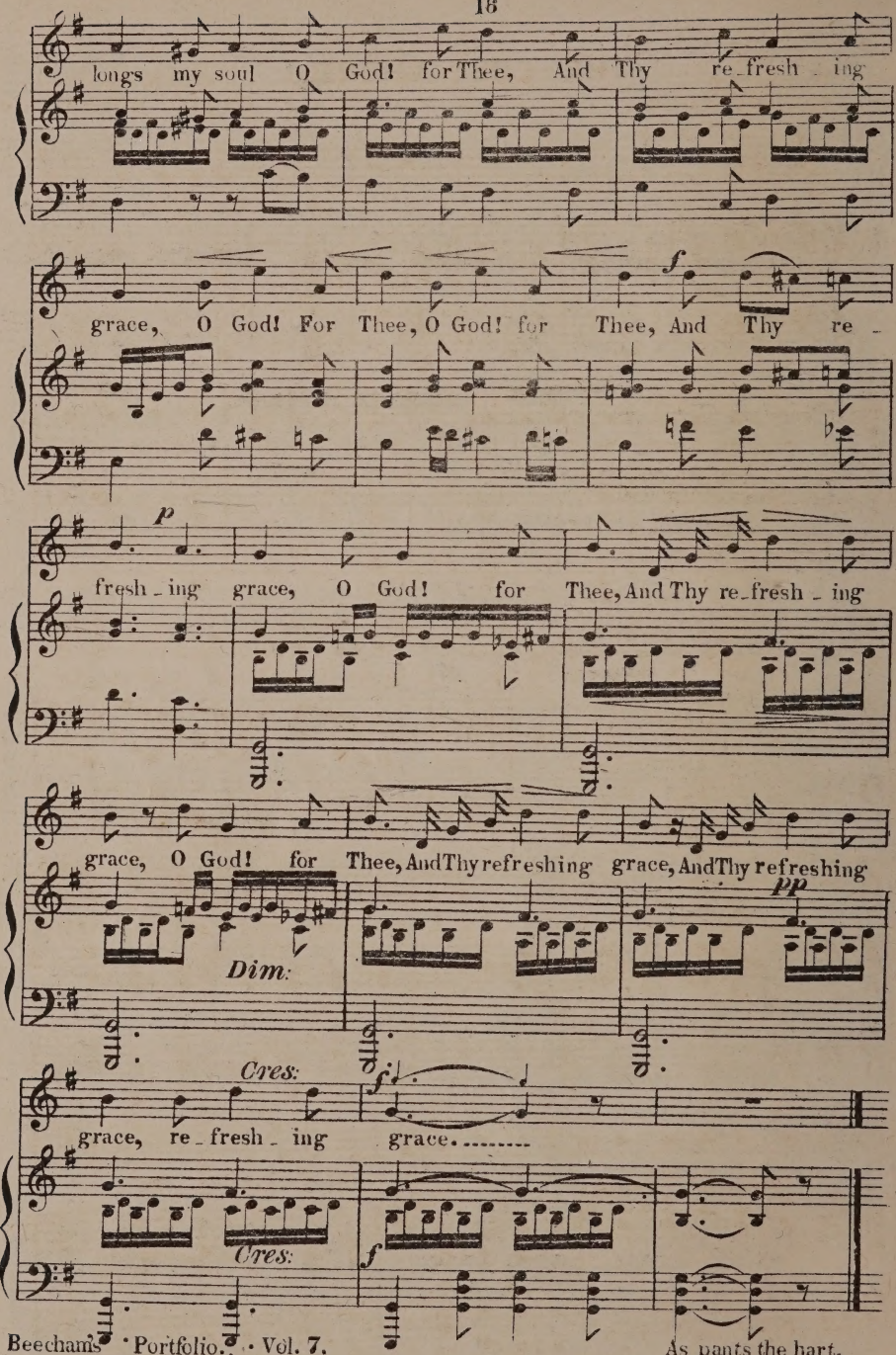
Bridal March from "Lohengrin."

AS PANTS THE HART.

SPOHR.




liv - ing God, my thirs - ty soul doth pine; O
when shall I..... be hold Thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di -
vine? O when shall I be hold Thy face.
P
O when? O when? As
Cres:
f
PP
pants the hart for cooling streams when heat - ed in the chase, So

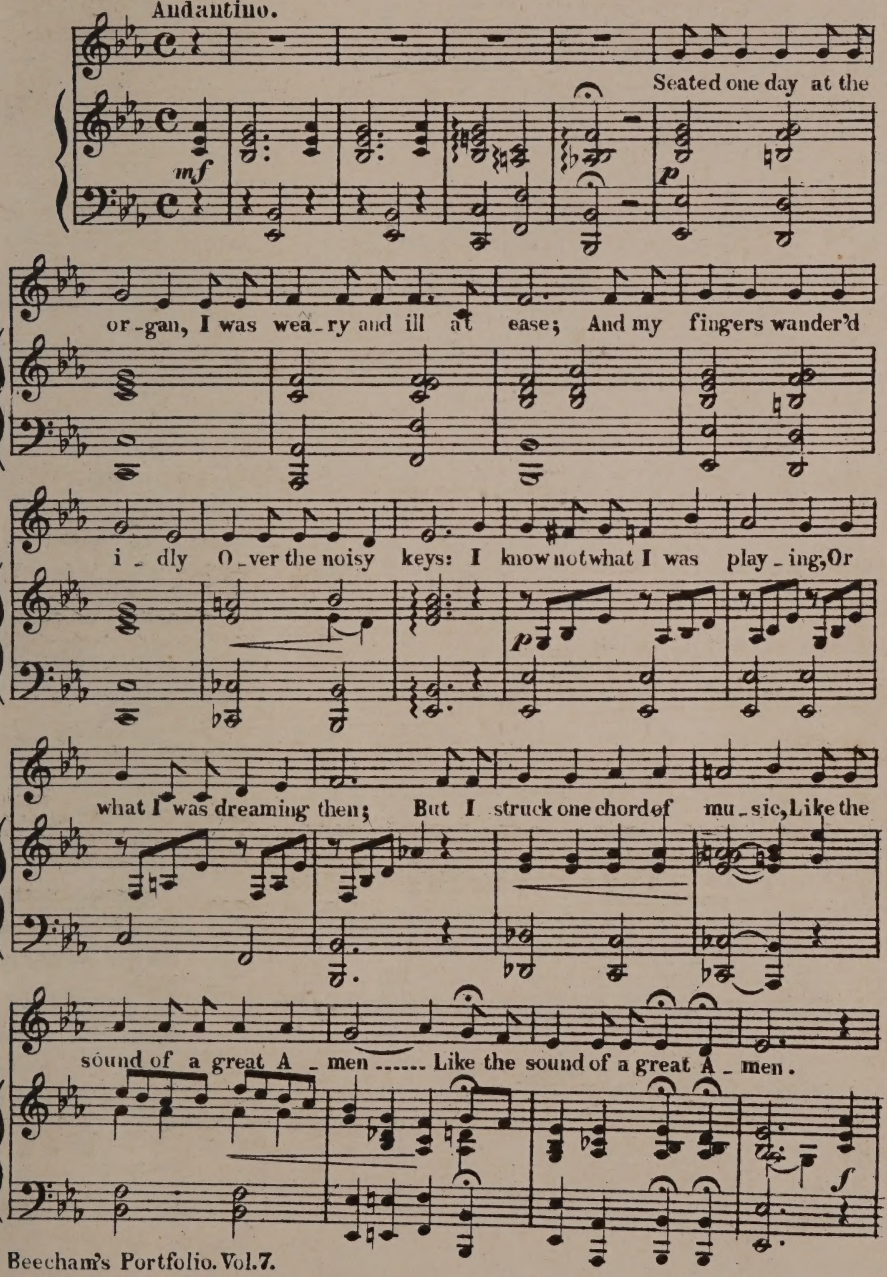

longs my soul O God! for Thee, And Thy re_fresh _ ing
grace, O God! For Thee, O God! for Thee, And Thy re _
f
p
fresh _ ing grace, O God! for Thee, And Thy re_fresh _ ing
grace, O God! for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace, And Thy refreshing
pp
Dim:
Cres:
f
grace, re_fresh _ ing grace.
Cres:
f

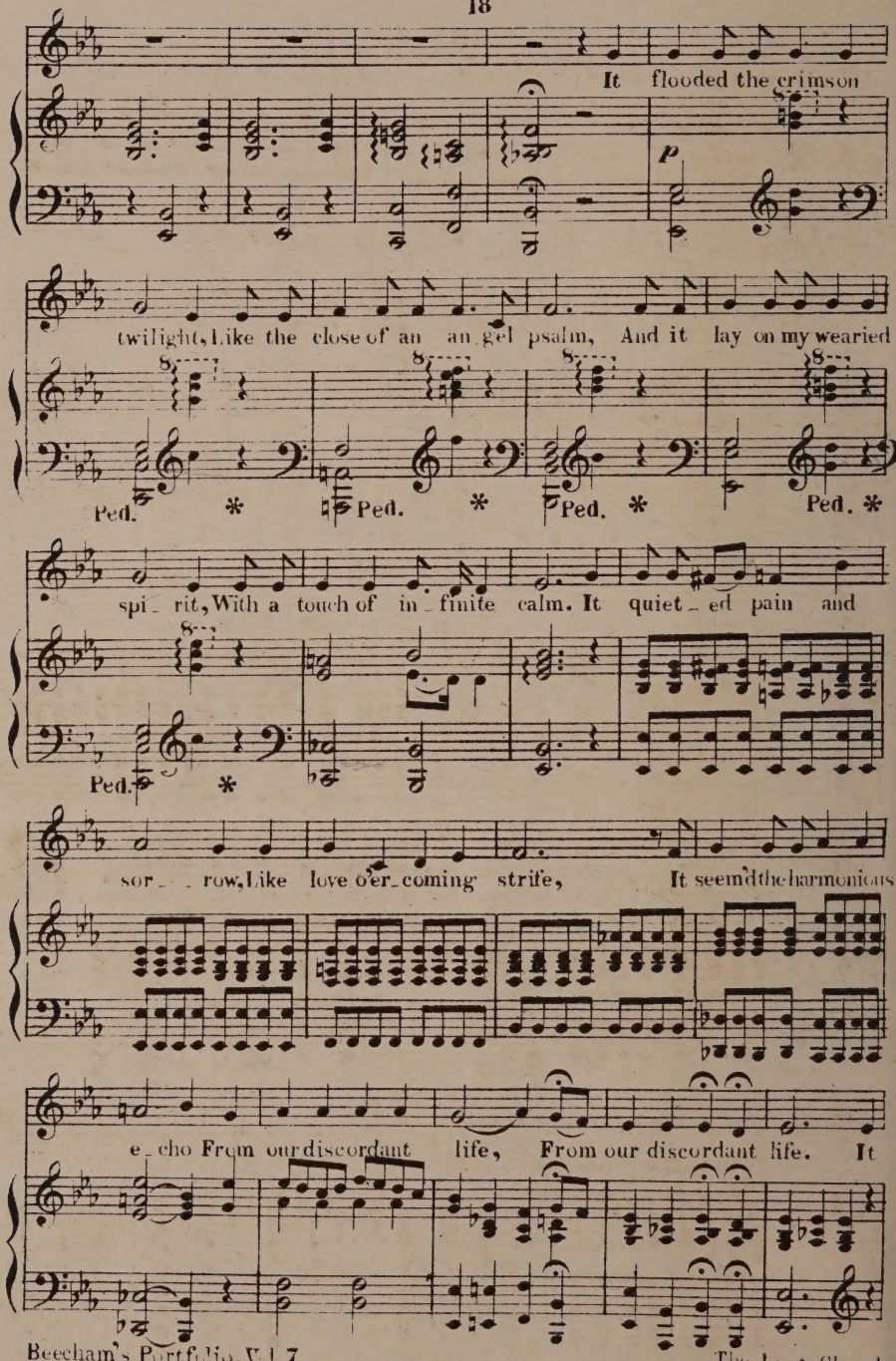
THE LOST CHORD.

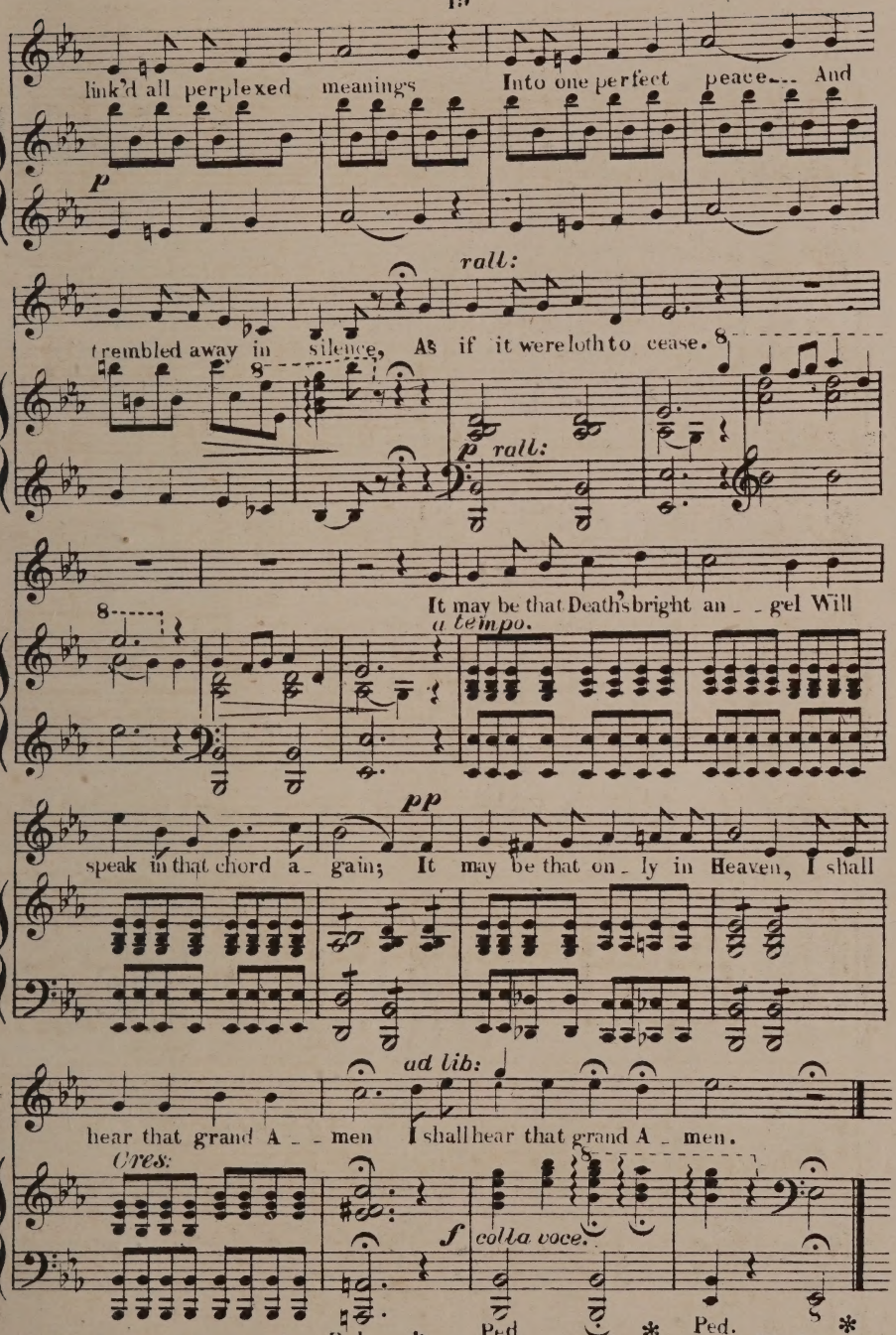
Words by ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Music by JULIAN MOUNT.

Andantino.

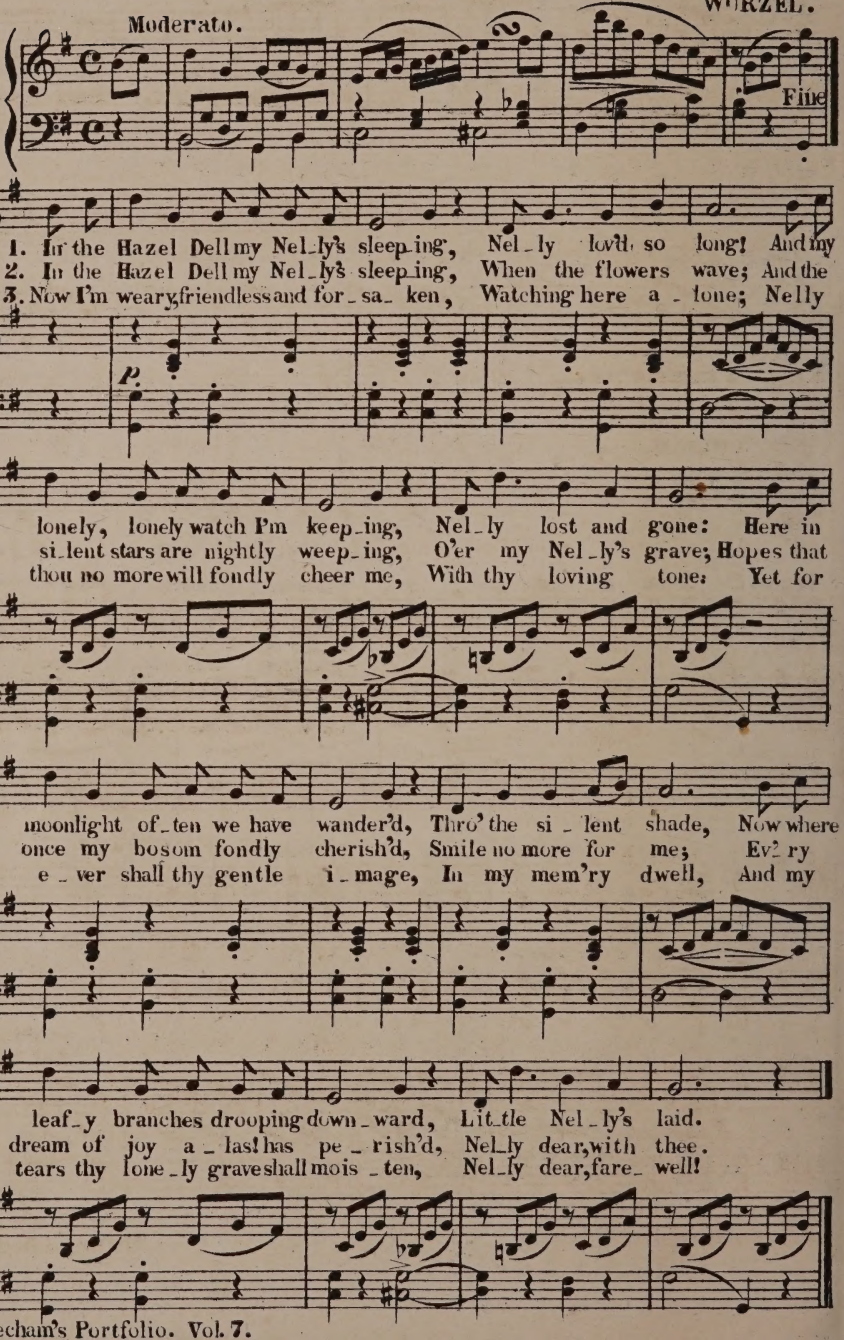


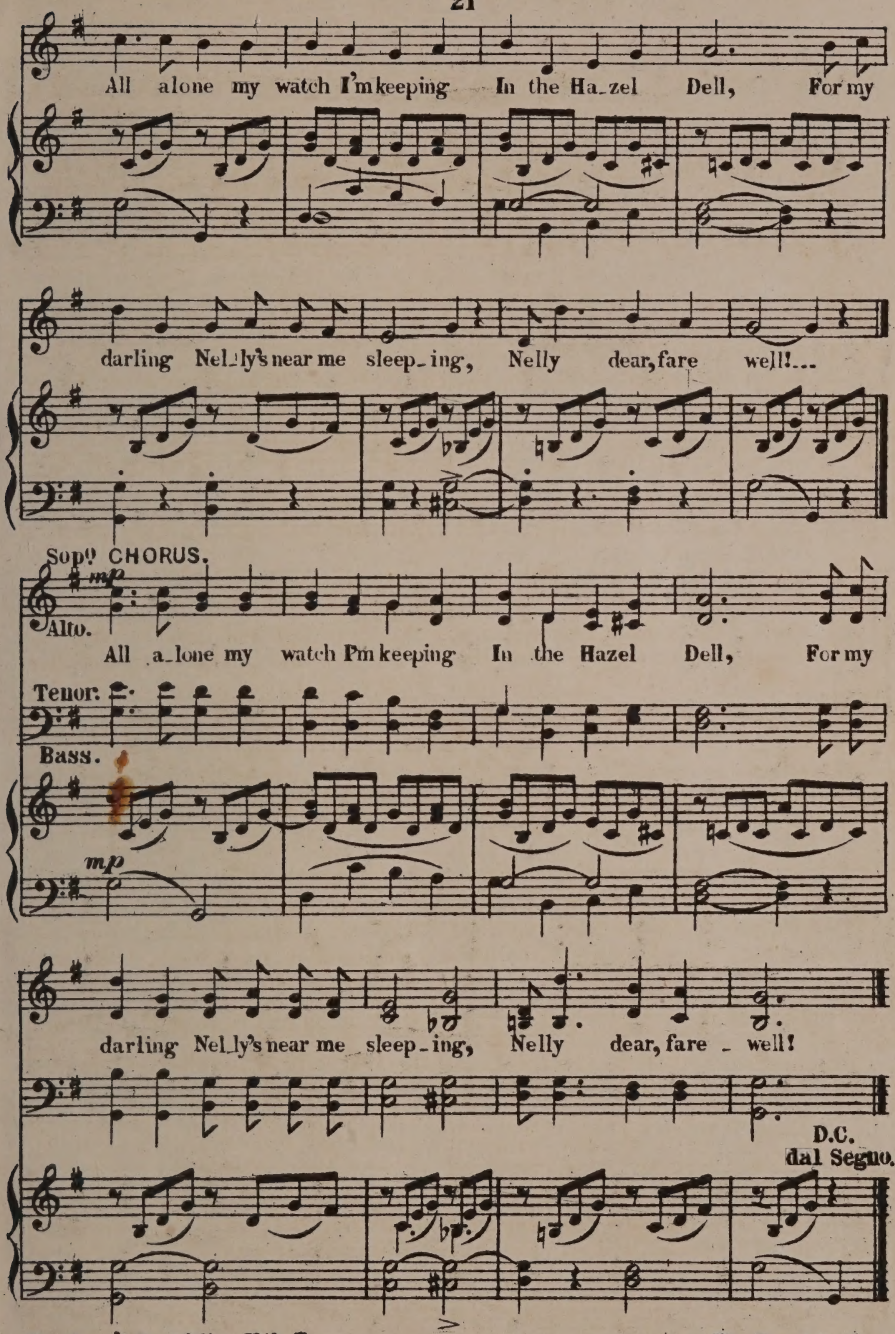

It flooded the crimson
p
twilight, Like the close of an an_gel psalm, And it lay on my wearied
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
spi_rit, With a touch of in_finite calm. It quiet_ed pain and
Ped. *
sor_ _row, Like love o'er_coming strife, It seem'd the harmonious
e_cho From our discordant life, From our discordant life. It


link'd all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace... And
p
rall:
trembled away in silence, As if it were loth to cease.
p rall:
It may be that Death's bright an_ _gel Will
a tempo.
pp
speak in that chord a_gain; It may be that on_ly in Heaven, I shall
ad lib:
hear that grand A_ _men I shall hear that grand A_men.
Cres:
f colla voce.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

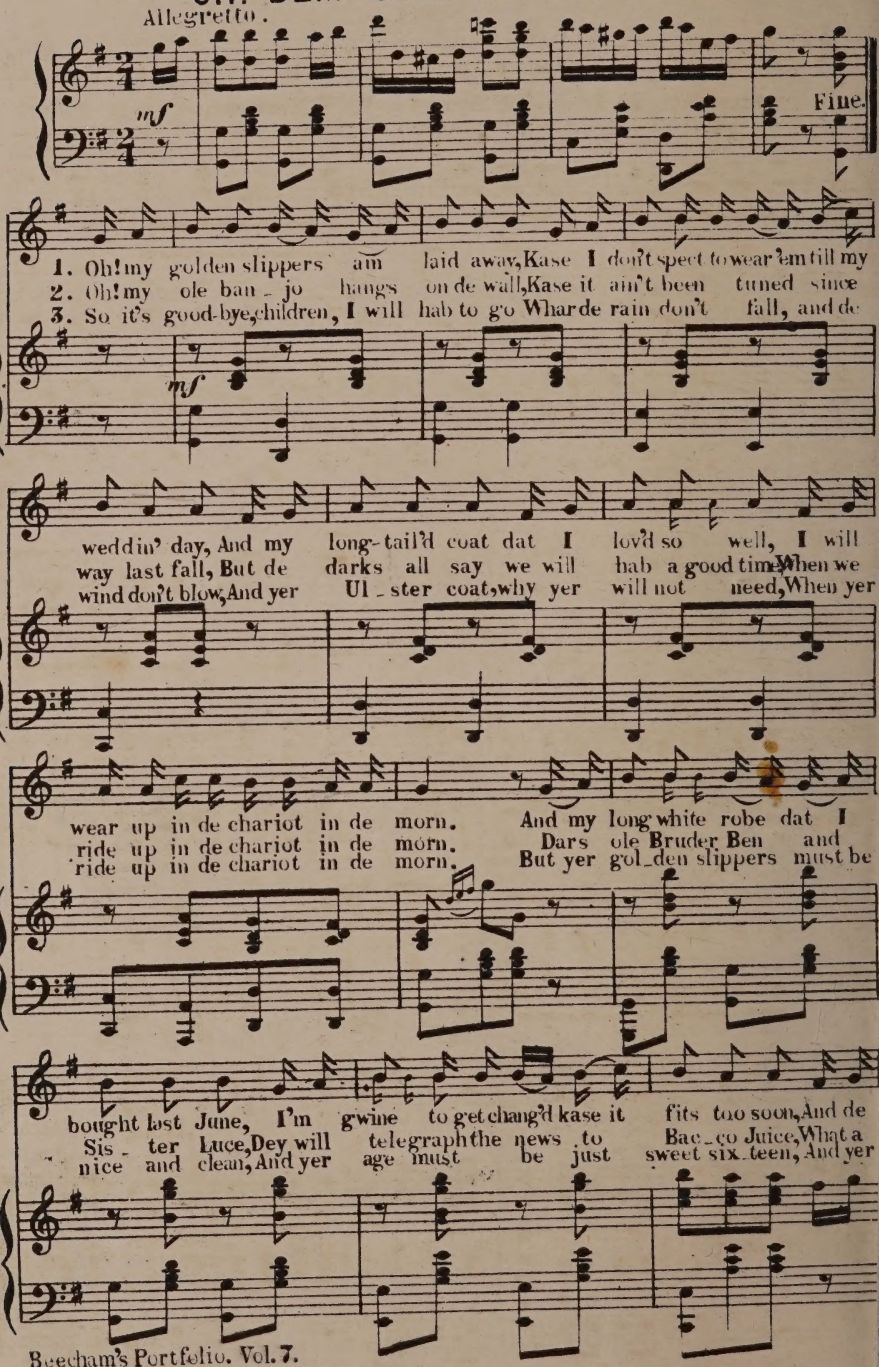
THE HAZEL DELL.

Composed by WURZEL.




All alone my watch I'm keeping In the Ha-zel Dell, For my
darling Nel-ly's near me sleep-ing, Nelly dear, fare well!...
Sop? CHORUS.
mp
Alto.
All a-lone my watch I'm keeping In the Hazel Dell, For my
Tenor.
Bass.
mp
darling Nel-ly's near me sleep-ing, Nelly dear, fare - well!
D.C.
dal Segno.

OH! DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.



ole grey hoss dat I used to drive I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.
great camp meetin' dar will be dat day, When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
white kid gloves ye will hab to wear, When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Sop? CHORUS.

Alto Oh! dem golden slippers, Oh! dem golden slippers, golden slippers, I'm

Tenor.

Bass.

mf

gwine to wear be - case dey look so neat, Oh! dem golden slippers, Oh! dem

f

golden slippers, golden slippers I'm gwine to wear to walk de golden street. street.

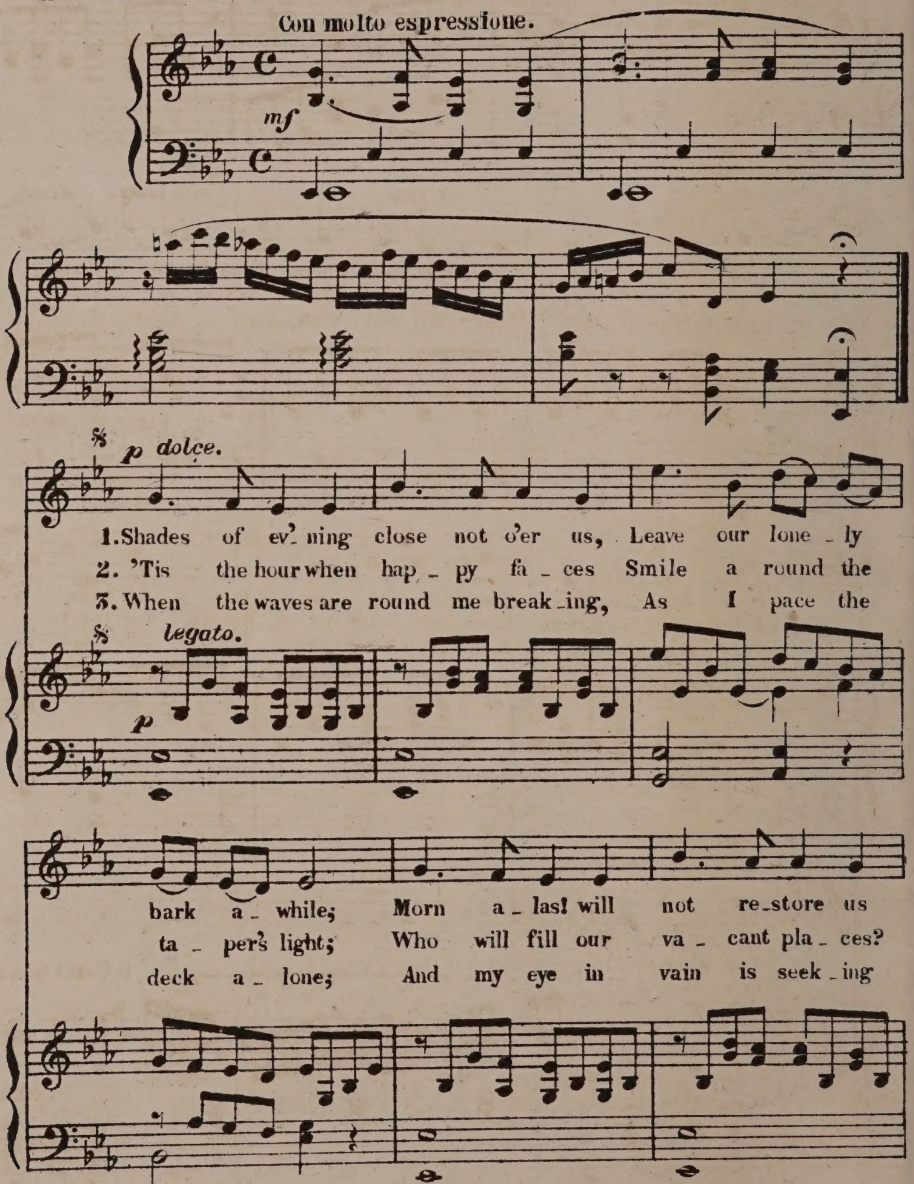
1? 2?

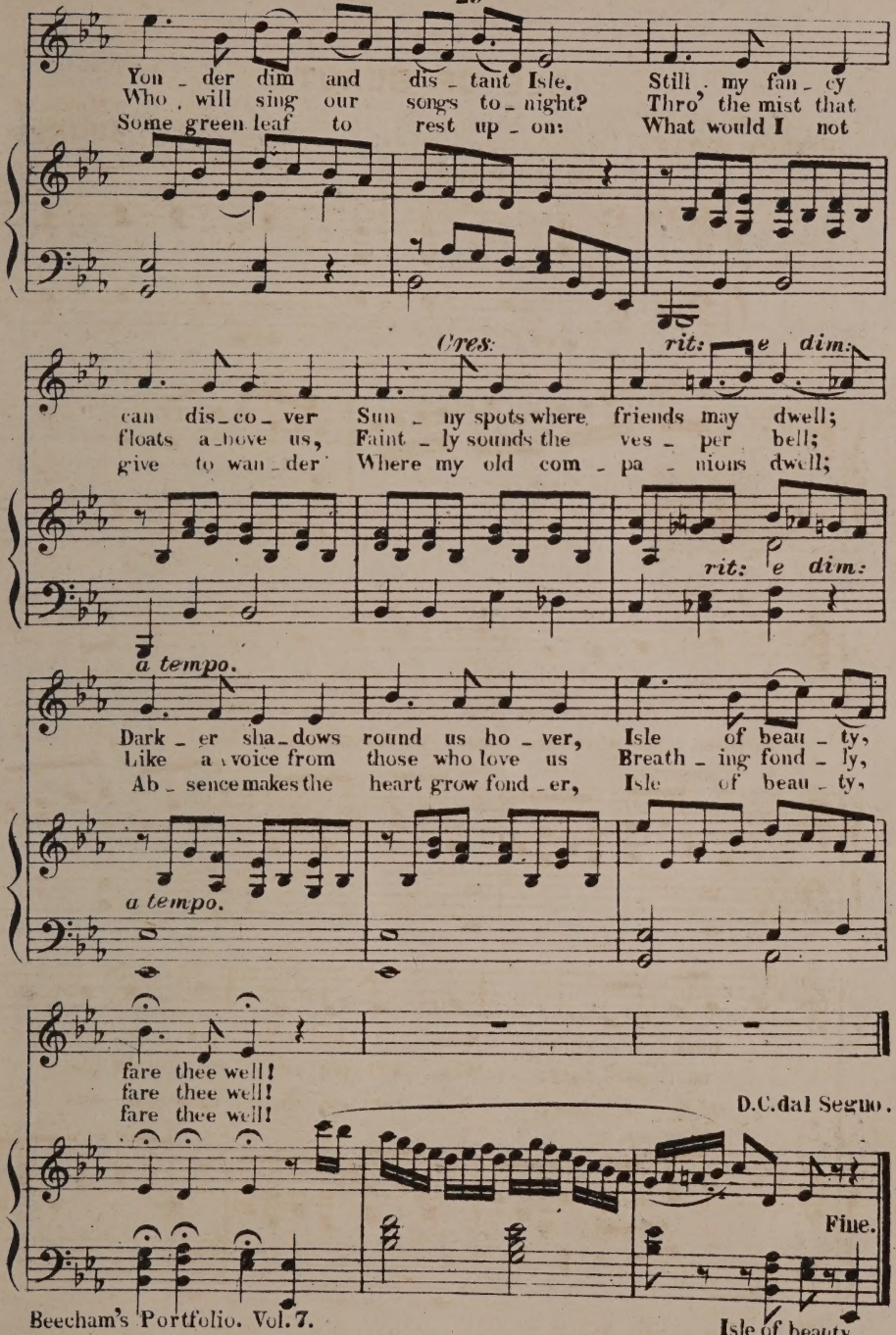
D.C.

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

Words by
HAYNES BAYLY.

Music by
WHITMORE.

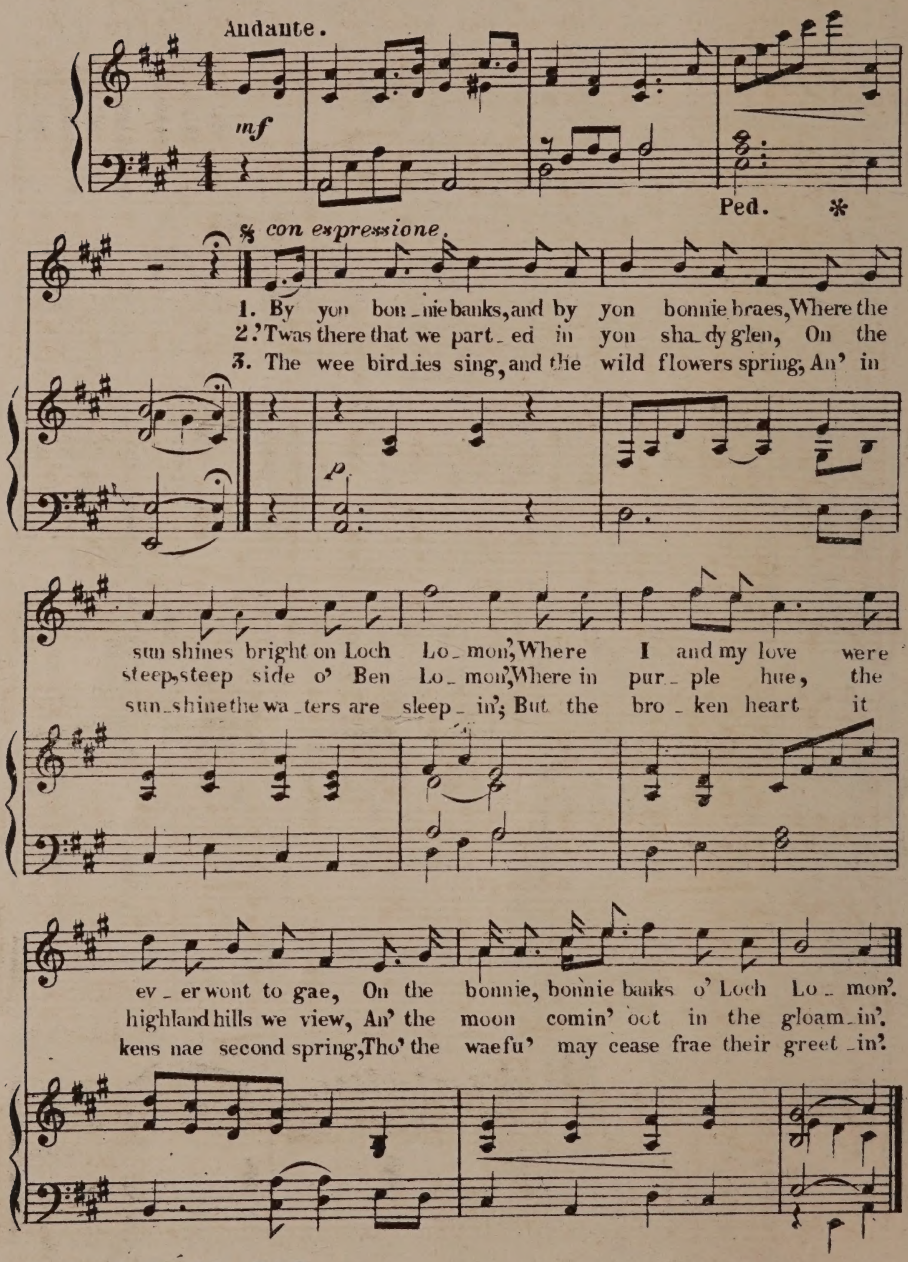


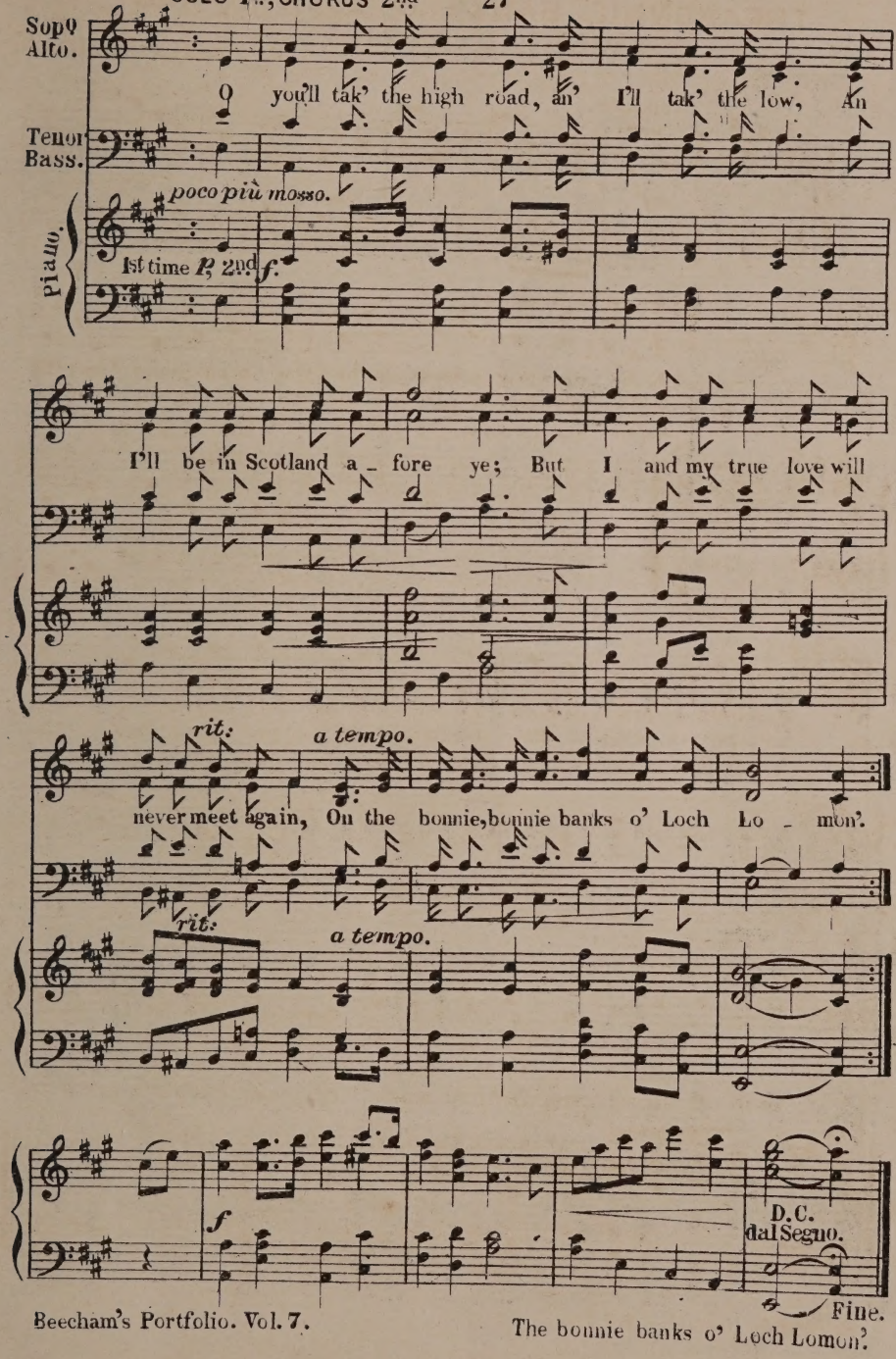


Isle of beauty.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON.

Arranged by
JAMES ROBINSON.

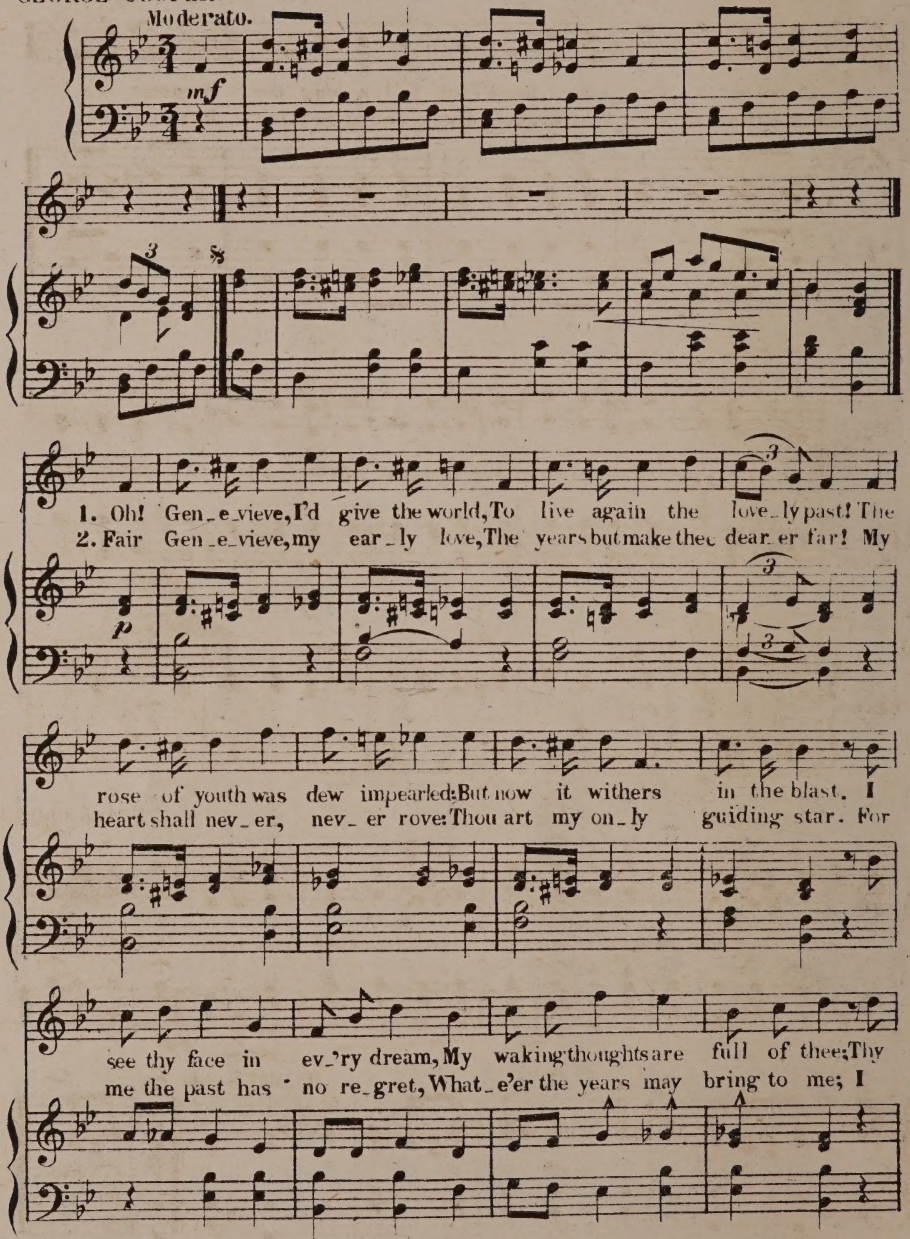


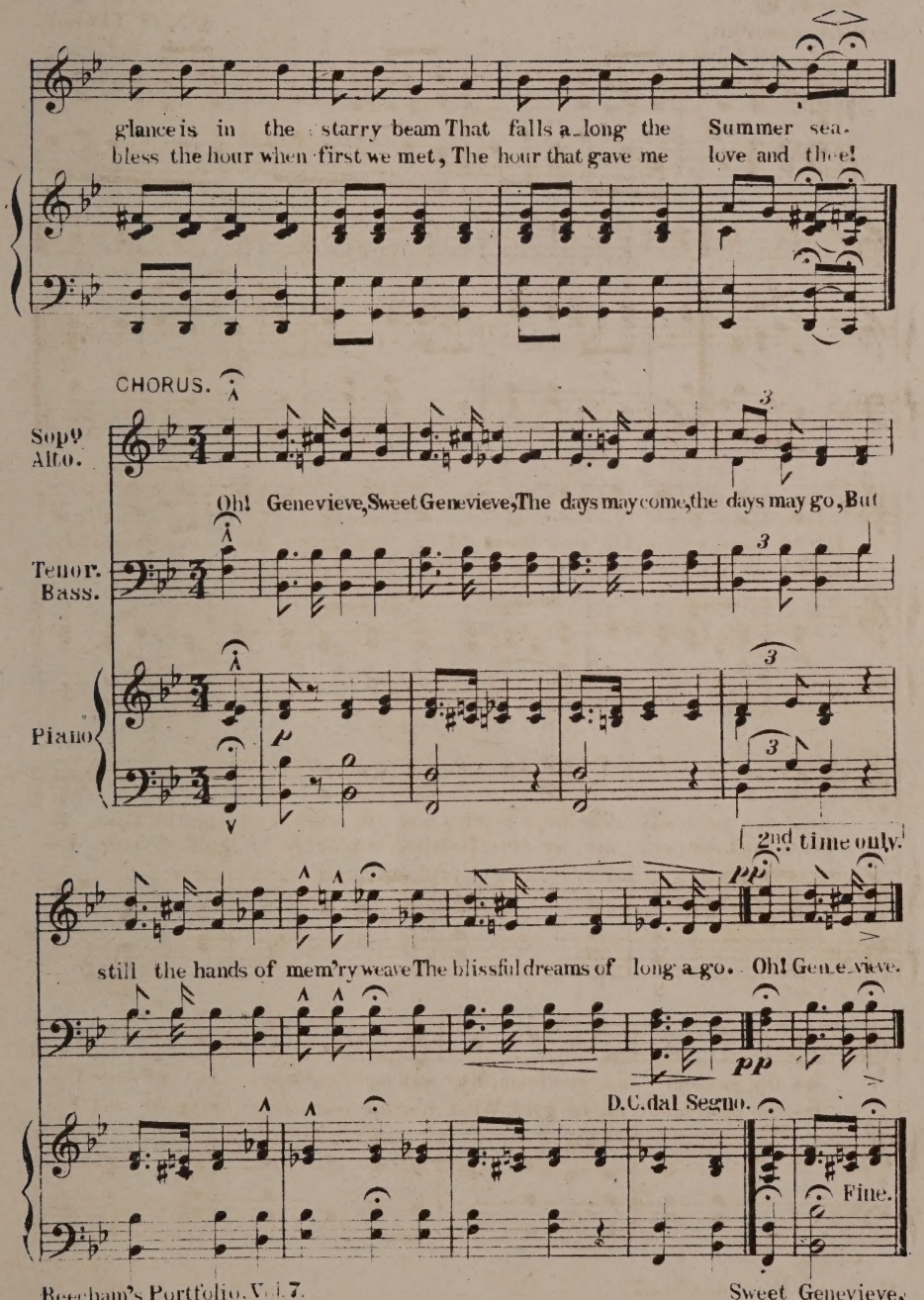

Sopo
Alto.
O you'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low, An
Tenor
Bass.
poco più mosso.
Piano.
1st time p, 2nd f.
I'll be in Scotland a_fore ye; But I and my true love will
rit:
a tempo.
never meet again, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo_mon'.
rit:
a tempo.
f
D.C.
dal Segno.
Fine.

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

Words by
GEORGE COOPER.

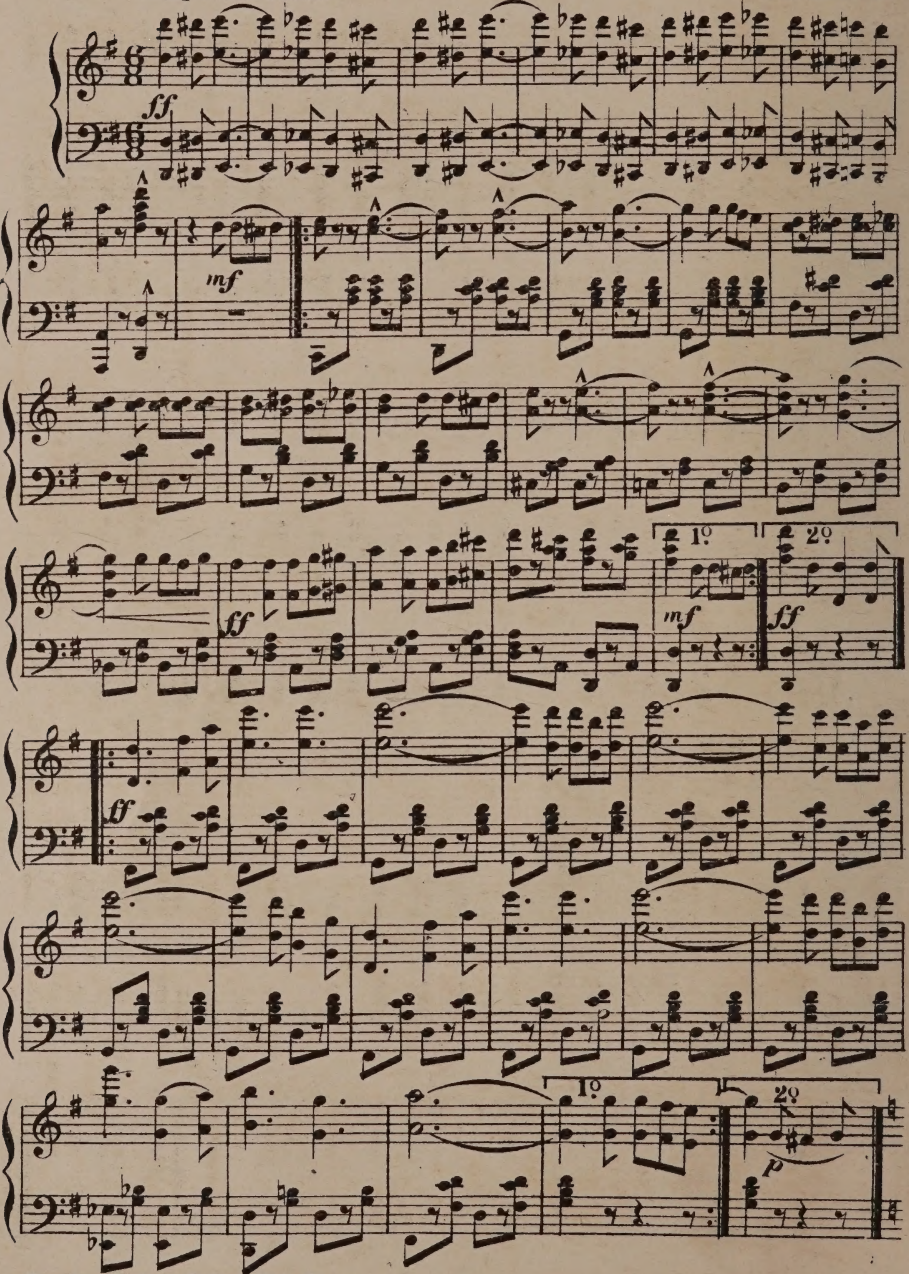
Music by
HENRY TUCKER.

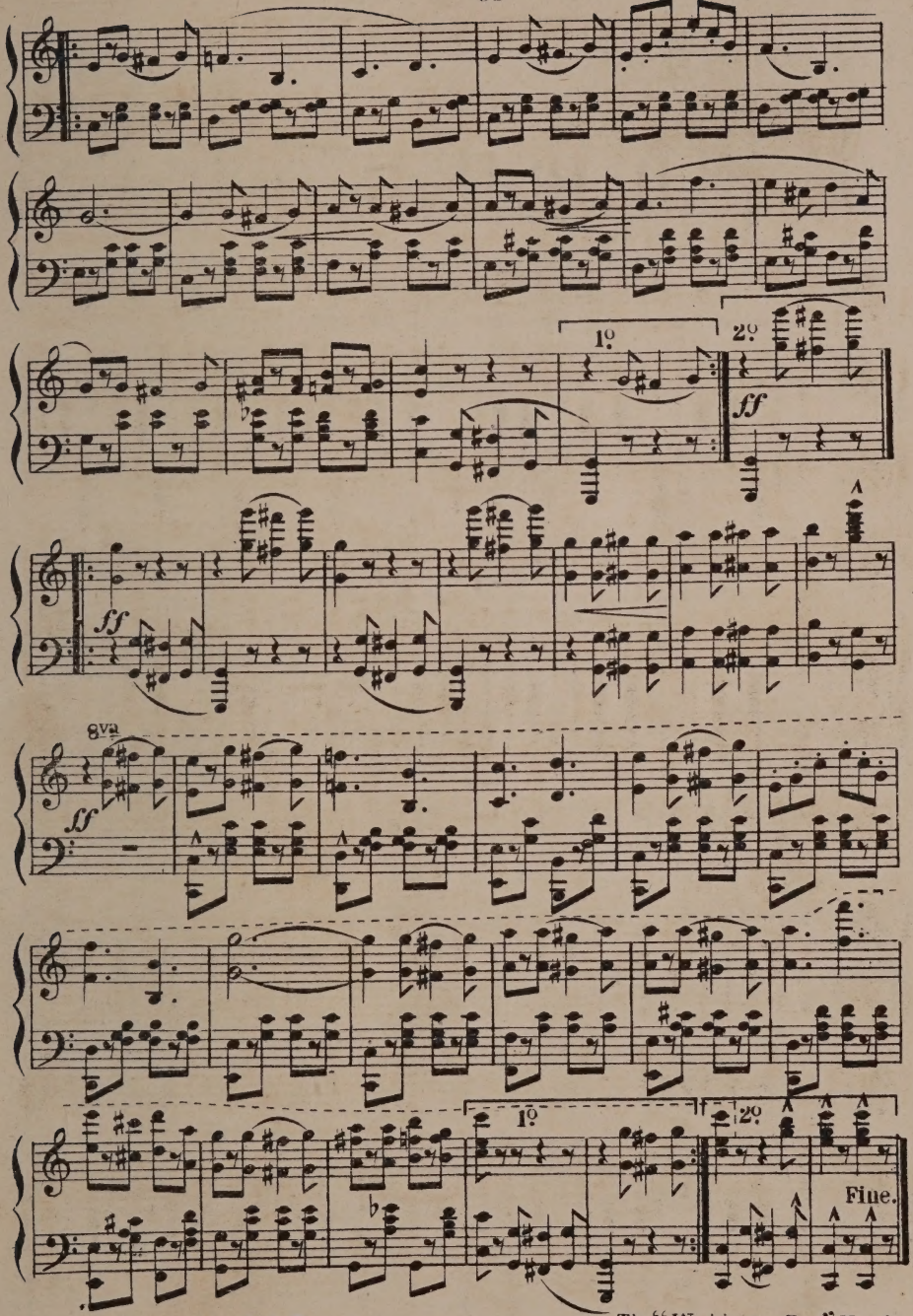



glance is in the starry beam That falls along the Summer sea.
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!
CHORUS.
Sopy Alto.
Oh! Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve, The days may come, the days may go, But
Tenor. Bass.
Piano
2nd time only.
still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a-go. Oh! Gen.e.vieve.
D.C. dal Segno.
Fine.

THE "WASHINGTON POST" MARCH.

Tempo Marziale. J. P. SOUSA.

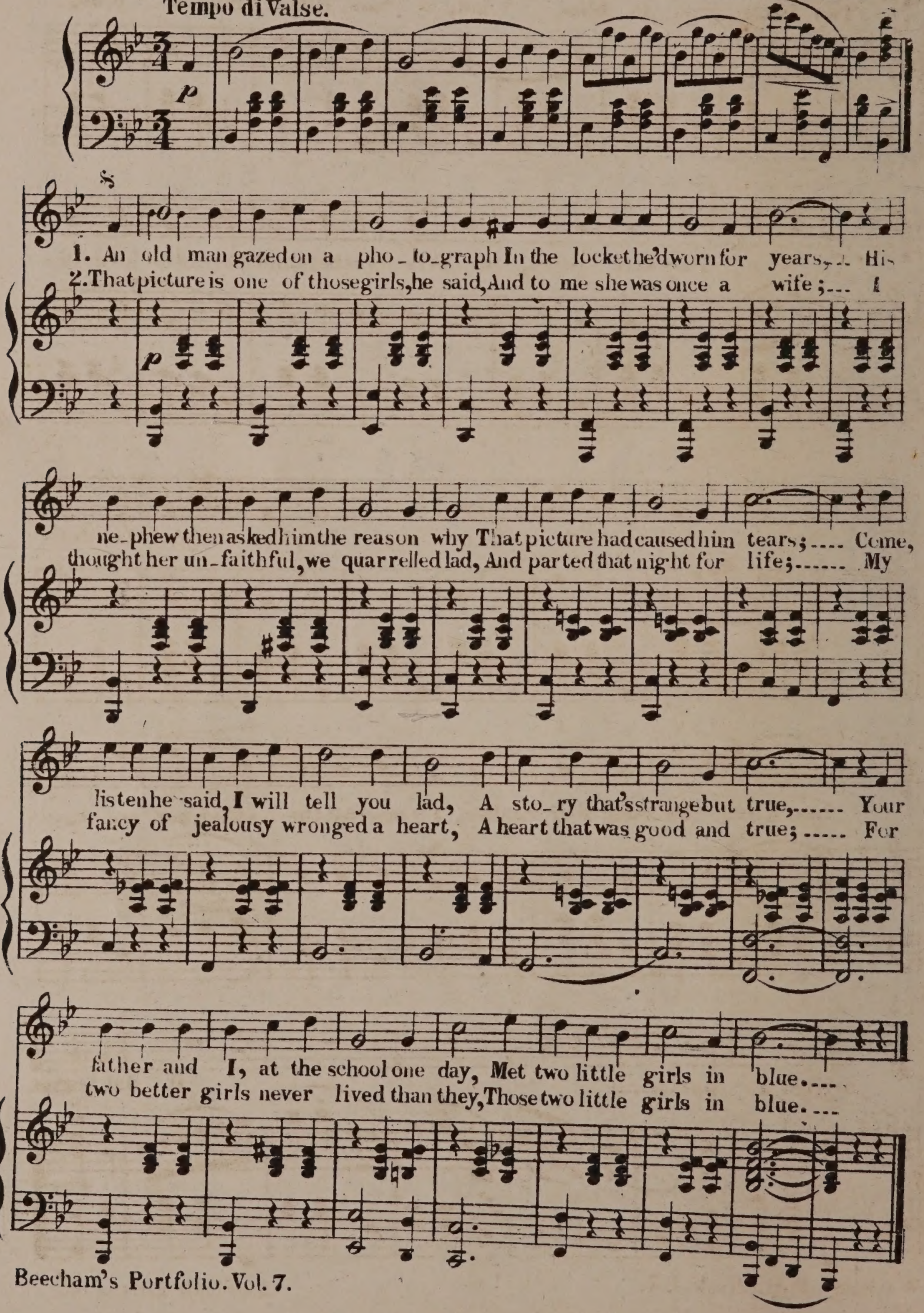


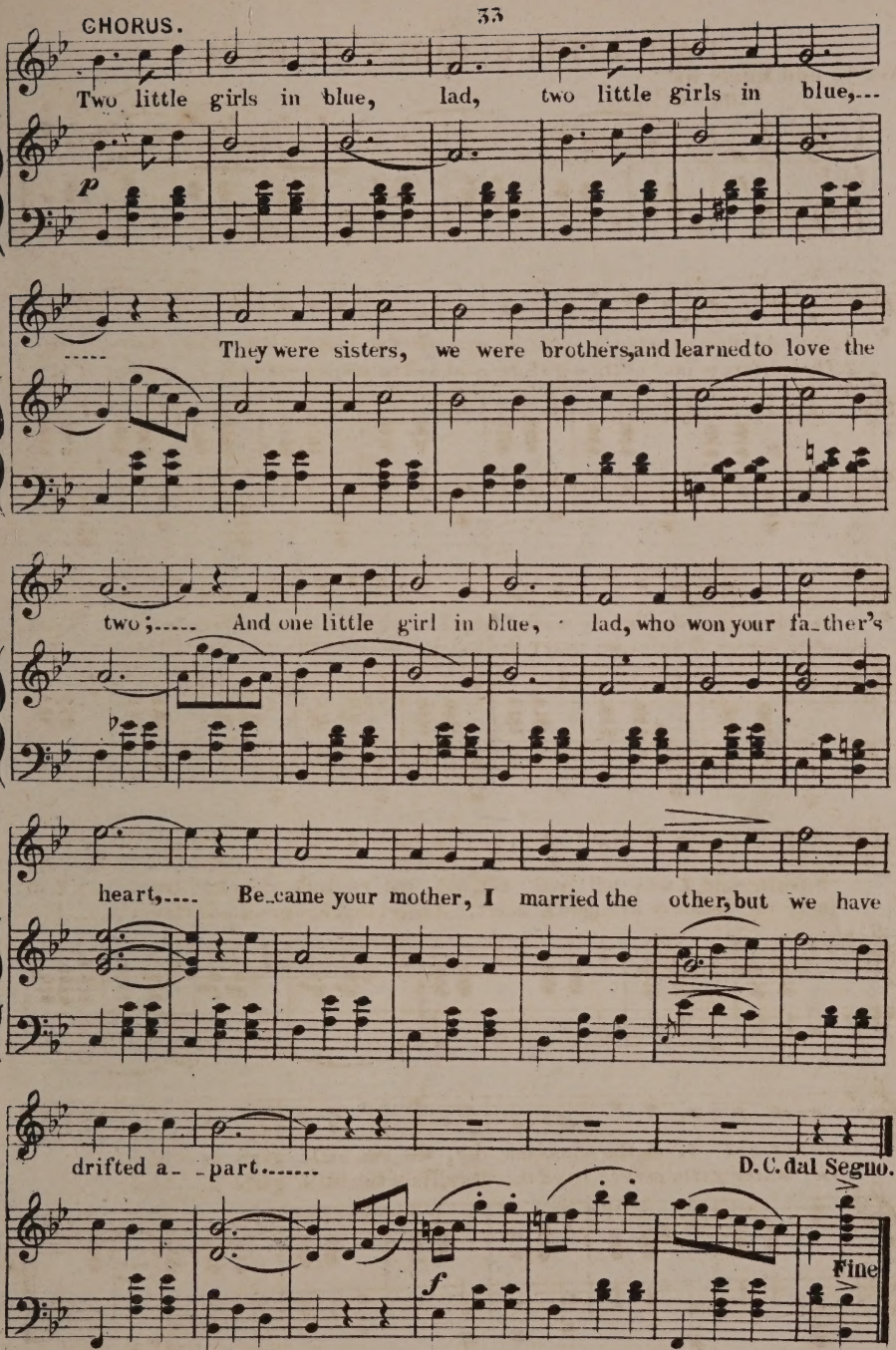

1º
2º
ff
ff
8va
ff
1º
2º
Fine.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

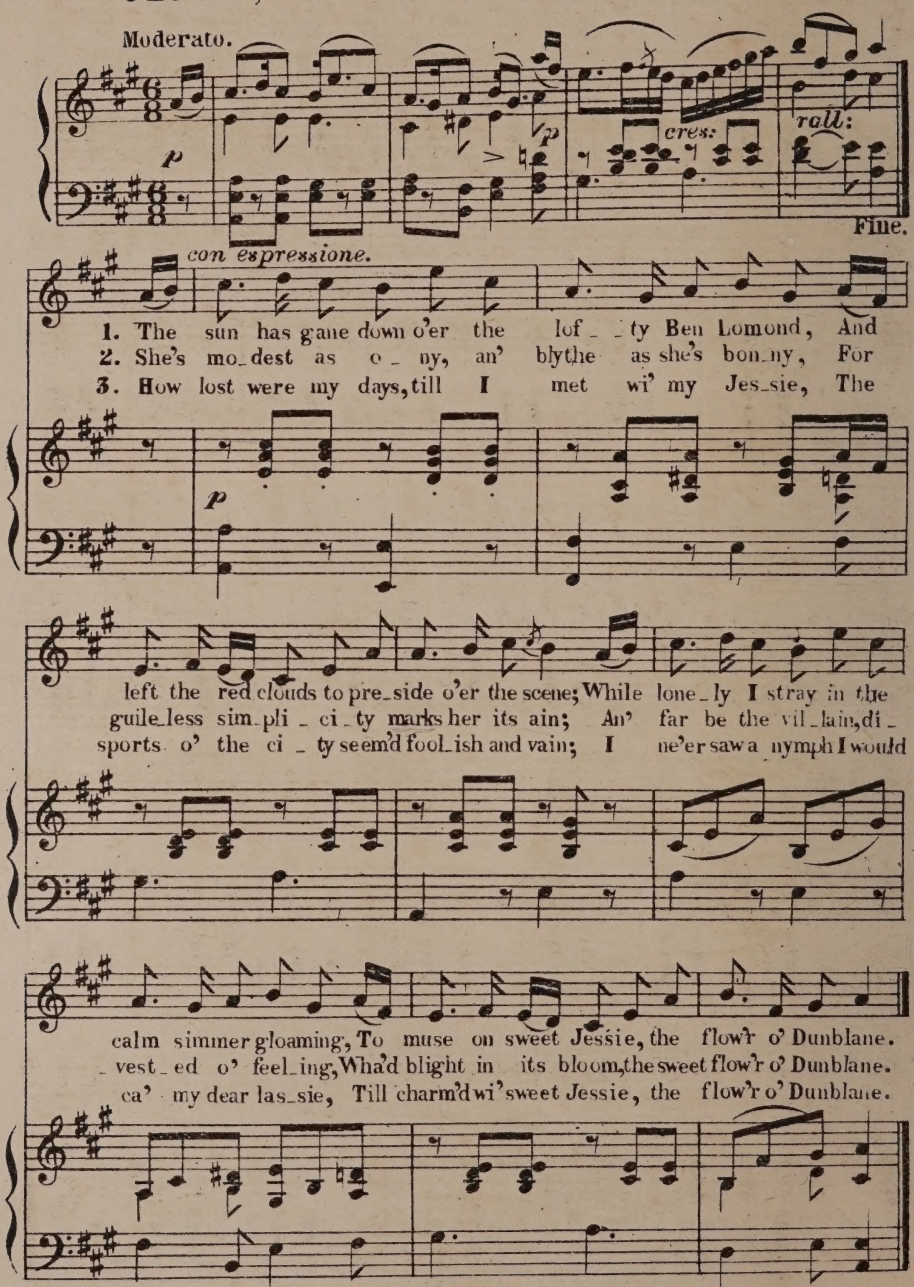
Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

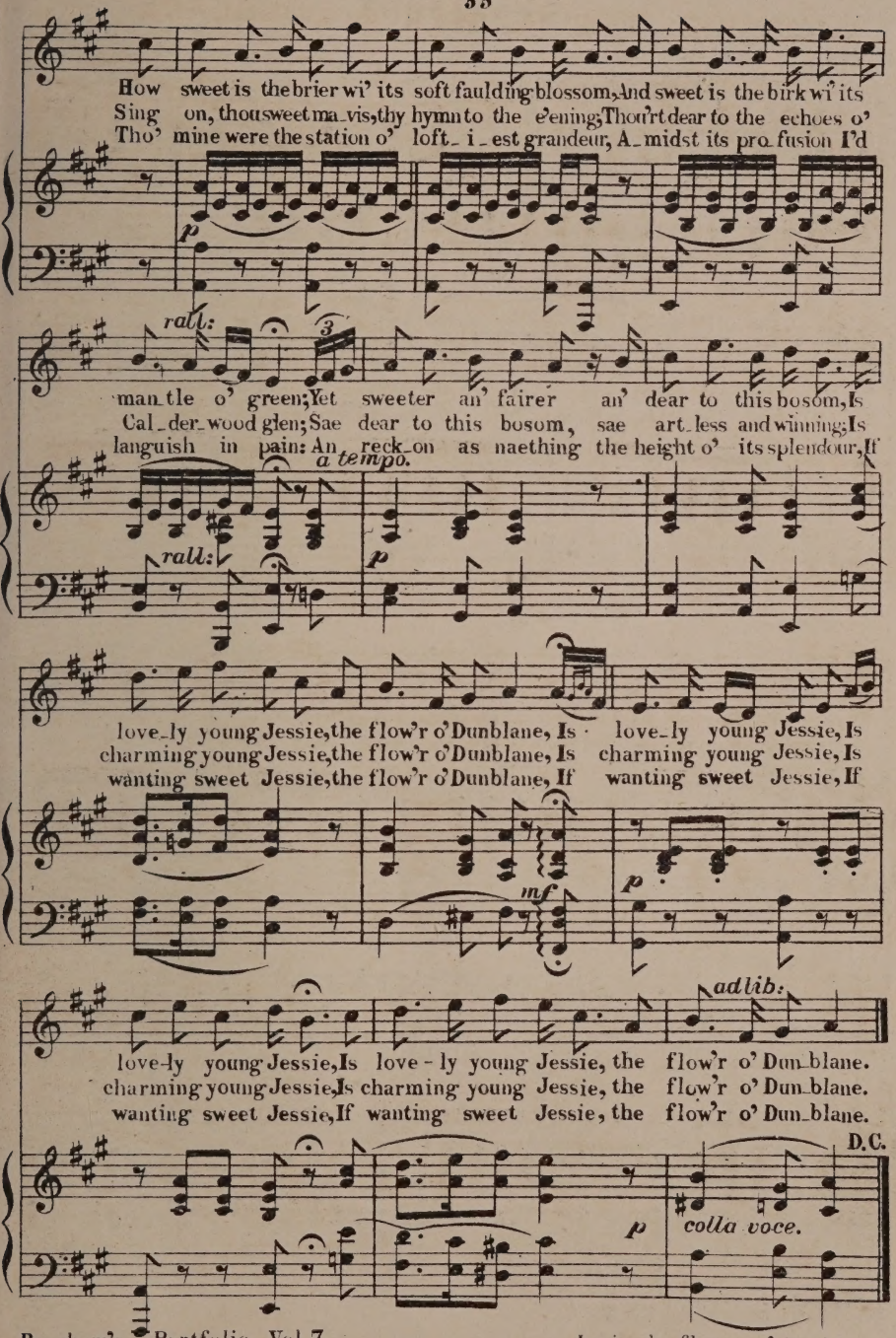
Tempo di Valse.




CHORUS.
Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,---
p
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the
two;----- And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your fa_ther's
heart,---- Be_came your mother, I married the other, but we have
drifted a_ _part.....
D. C. dal Segno.
f
Fine

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

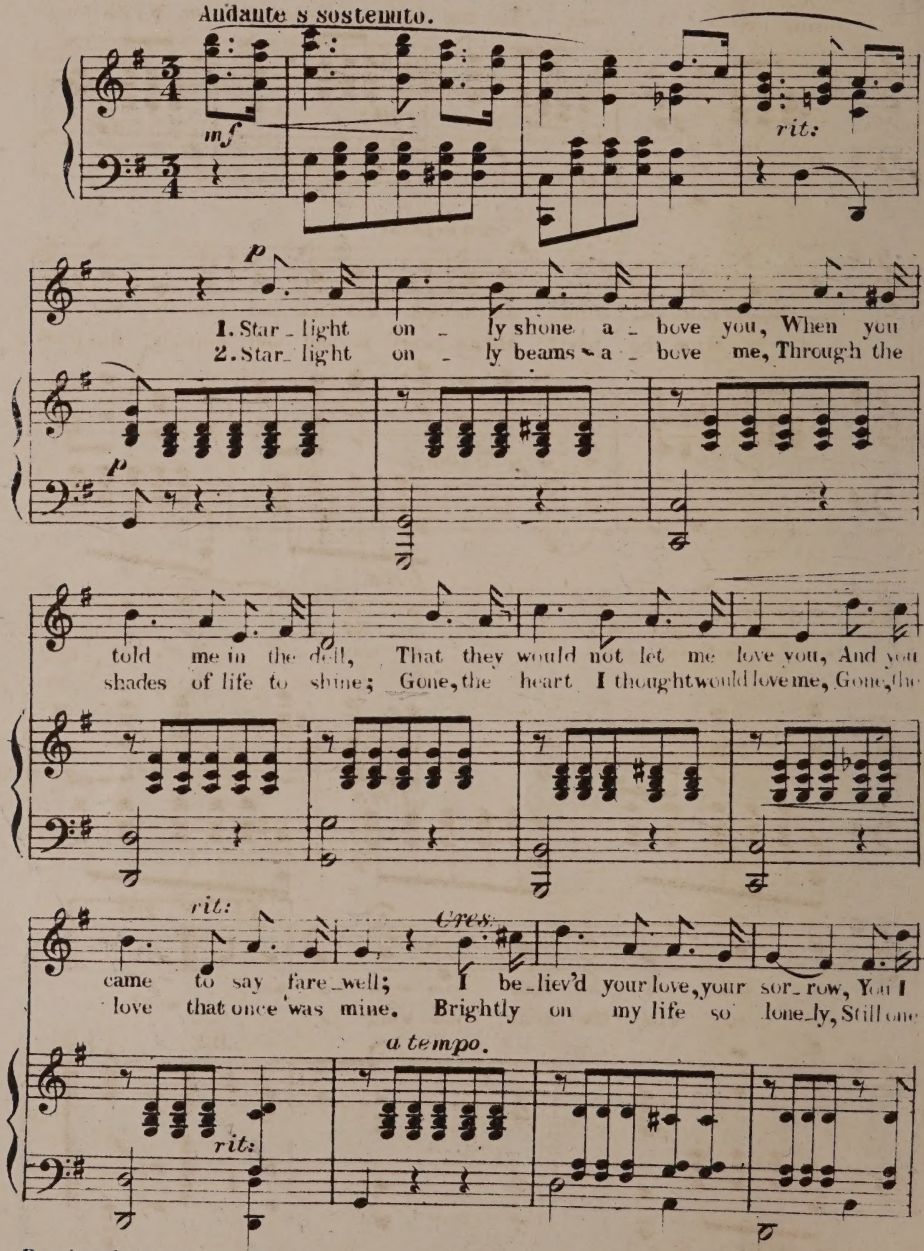


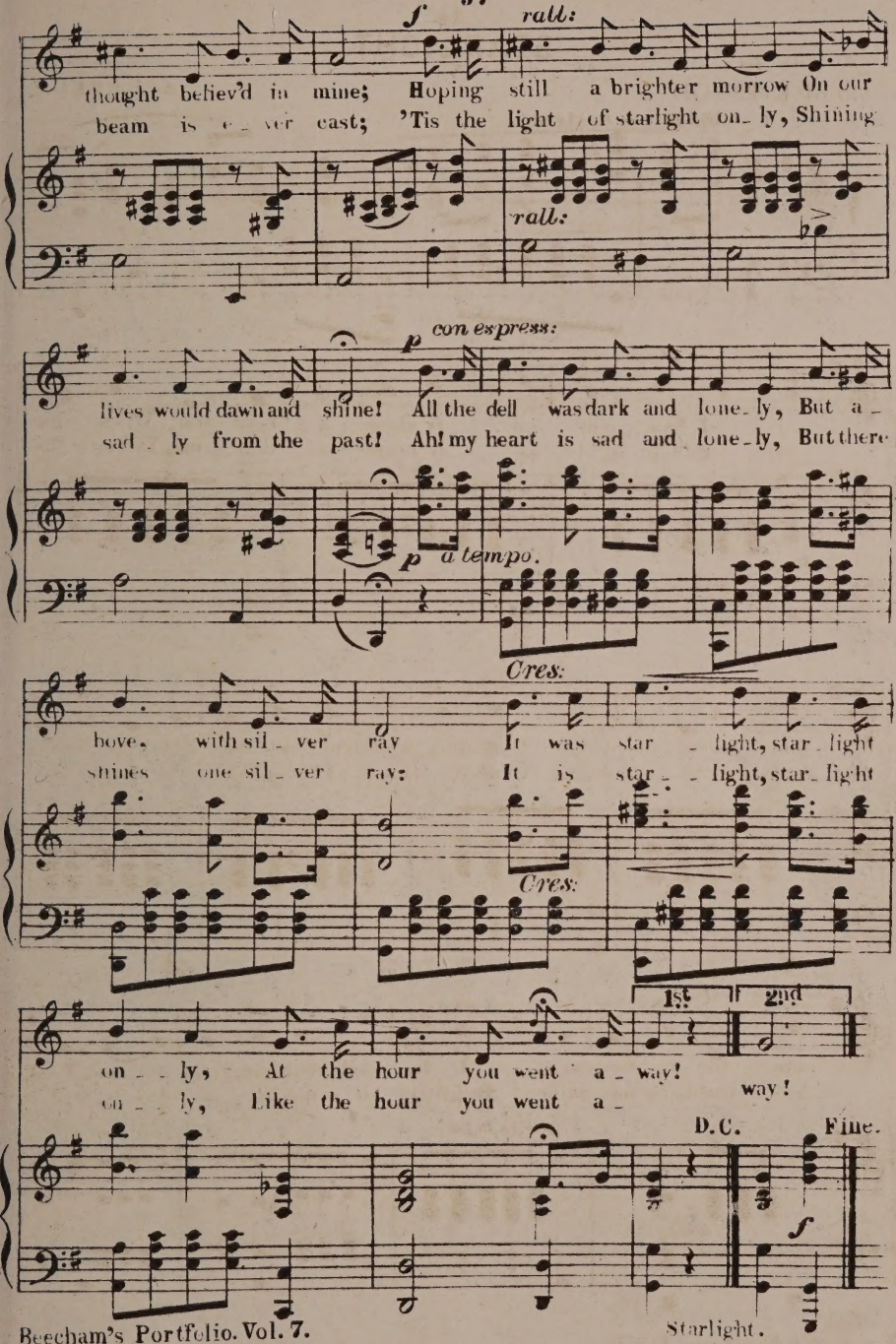

How sweet is the brier wi' its soft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its
Sing on, thou sweet ma_vis, thy hymn to the e'ening; Thou'rt dear to the echoes o'
Tho' mine were the station o' loft_i_est grandeur, A_midst its pro_fusion I'd
p
rall:
3
man_tle o' green; Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to this bosom, Is
Cal_der_wood glen; Sae dear to this bosom, sae art_less and winning; Is
languish in pain: An reck_on as naething the height o' its splendour, If
a tempo.
rall:
p
love_ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, Is love_ly young Jessie, Is
charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, Is charming young Jessie, Is
wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, If wanting sweet Jessie, If
mf
p
adlib:
love_ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dun_blane.
charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dun_blane.
wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dun_blane.
D.C.
p
colla voce.

STARLIGHT.

Words by
FREDERICK ENOCH.

Music by
G. J. RUBINI.

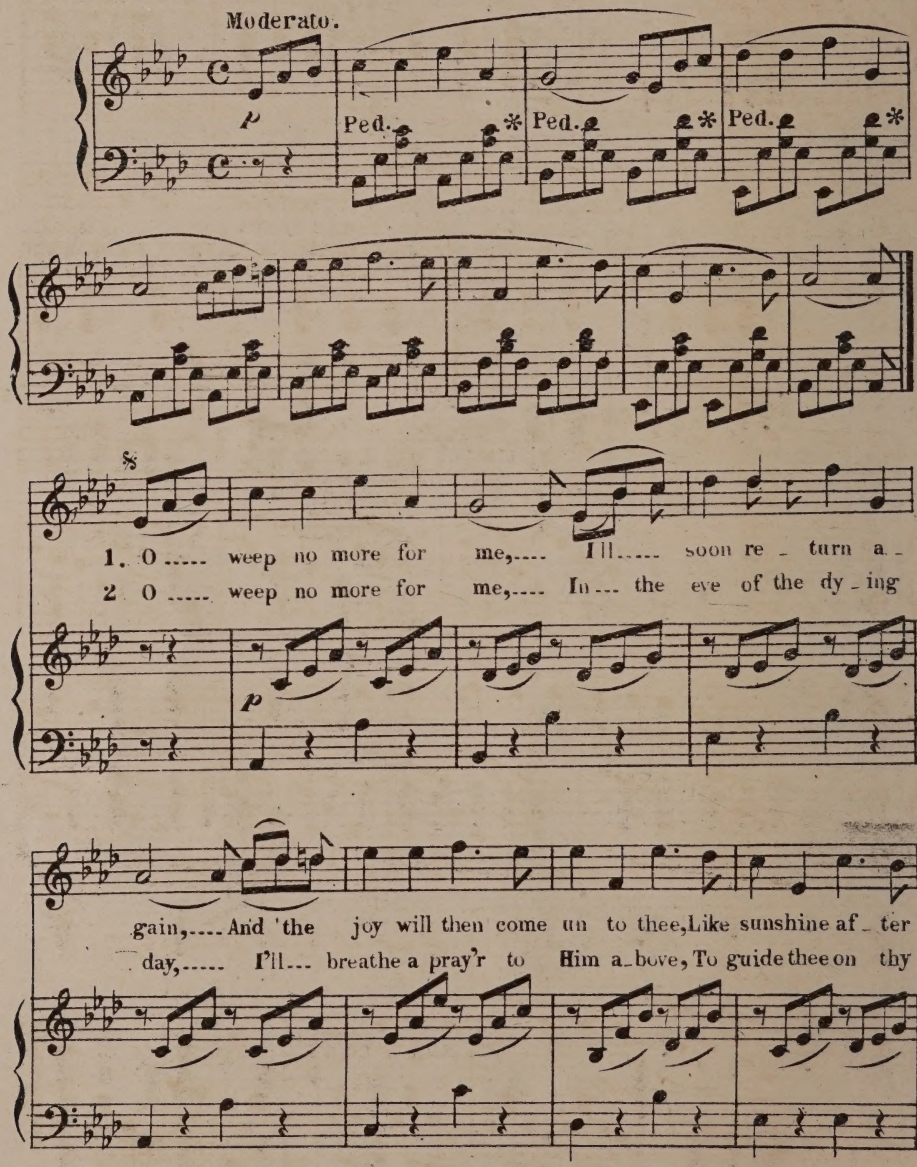


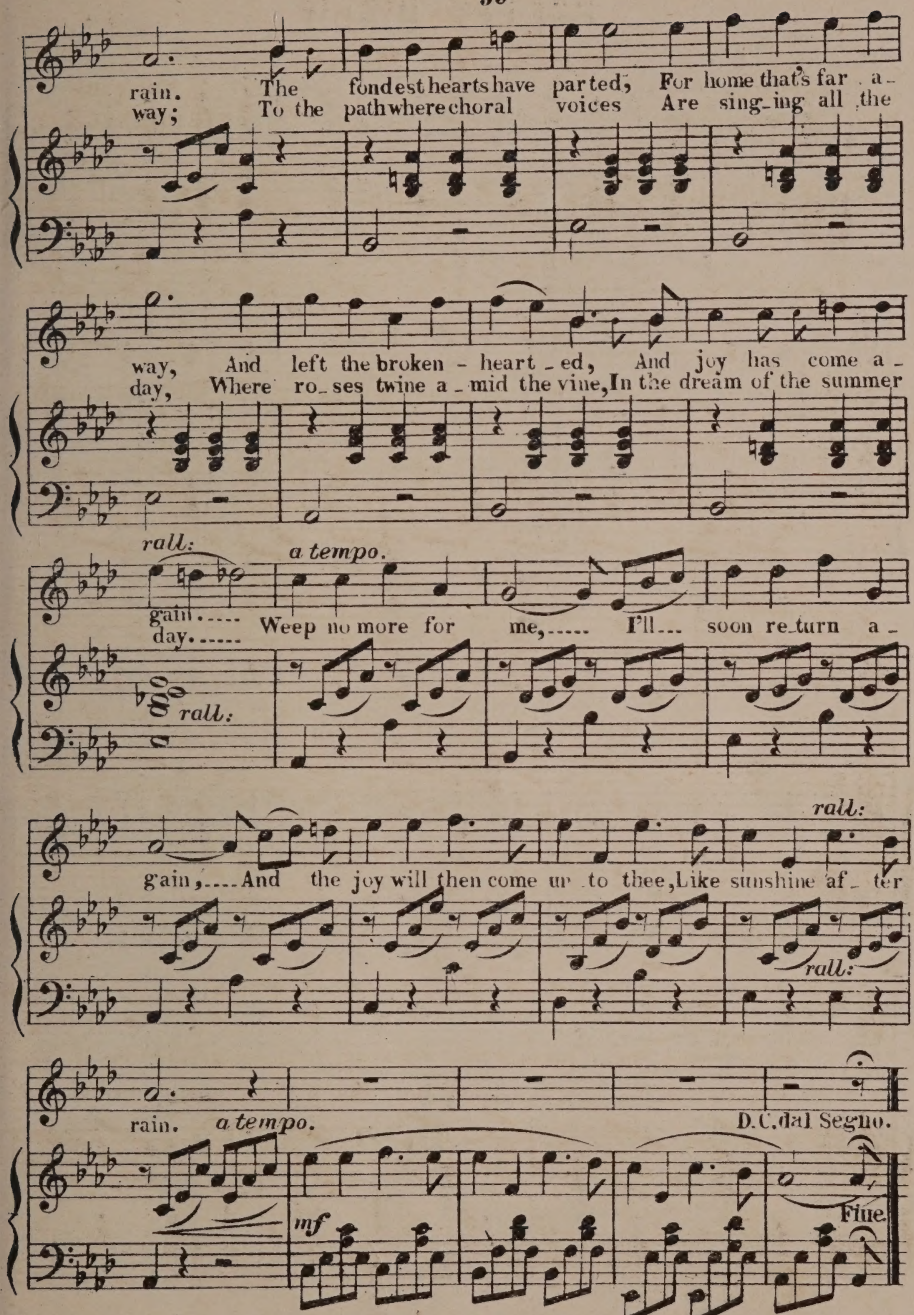

f
rall:
thought believ'd in mine; Hoping still a brighter morrow On our
beam is ever cast; 'Tis the light of starlight only, Shining
rall:
p
con espress:
lives would dawn and shine! All the dell was dark and lone-ly, But a-
sad-ly from the past! Ah! my heart is sad and lone-ly, But there
p
a tempo.
Cres:
bove, with sil-ver ray It was star-light, star-light
shines one sil-ver ray: It is star-light, star-light
Cres:
1st
2nd
on-ly, At the hour you went a-way!
on-ly, Like the hour you went a-way!
D.C.
Fine.
f

WEEP NO MORE.

Words by
Mrs. A. E. BENHAM.

Music by
STEPHEN GRAY.



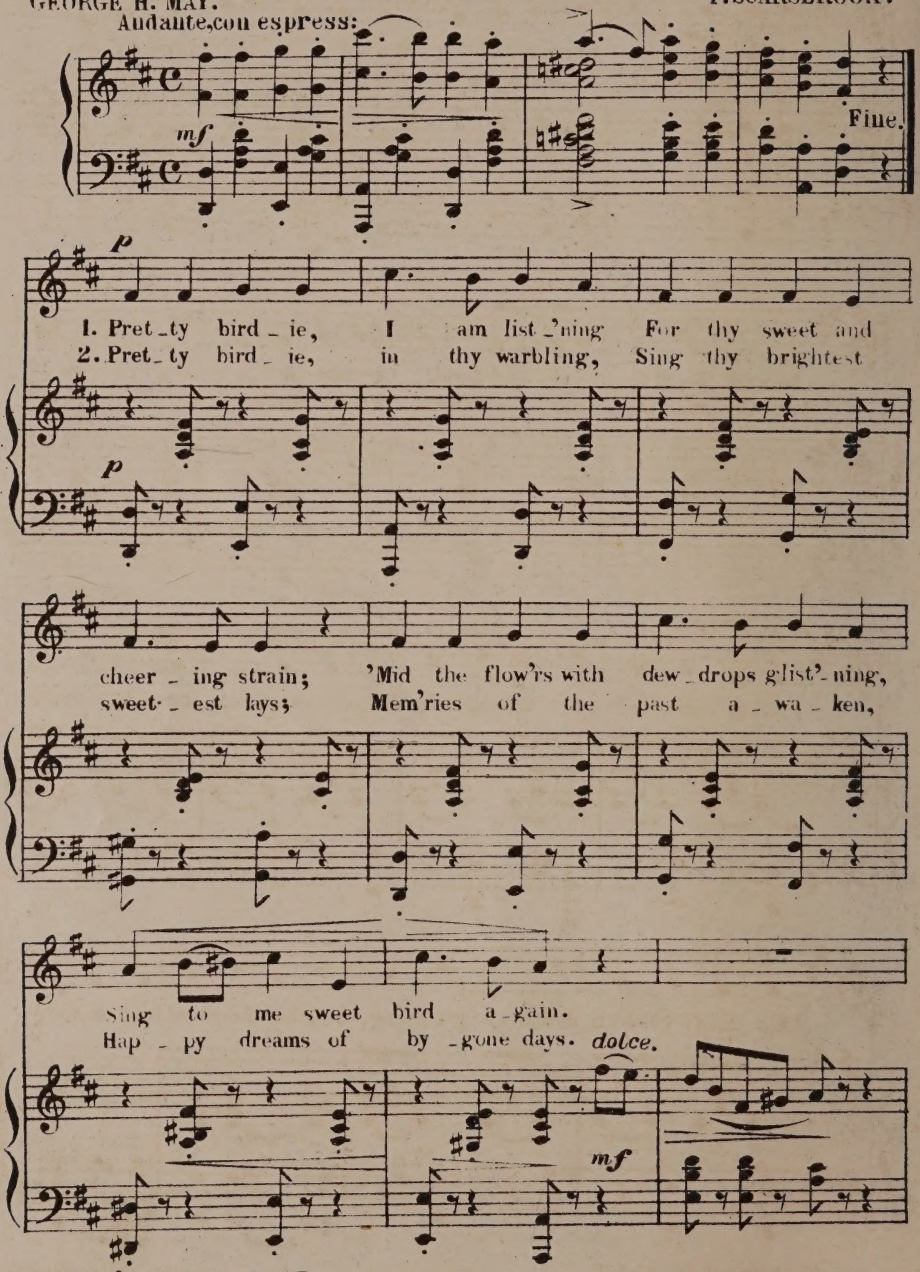

rain. The fondest hearts have parted, For home that's far a-
way; To the path where choral voices Are sing-ing all the
way, And left the broken-heart-ed, And joy has come a-
day, Where ro-ses twine a-mid the vine, In the dream of the summer
rall:
a tempo.
gain.....
day.....
Weep no more for me,..... I'll... soon re-turn a-
rall:
rall:
gain,.... And the joy will then come u-to thee, Like sunshine af-ter
rall:
rain.
a tempo.
D.C. dal Segno.
mf
Fine.

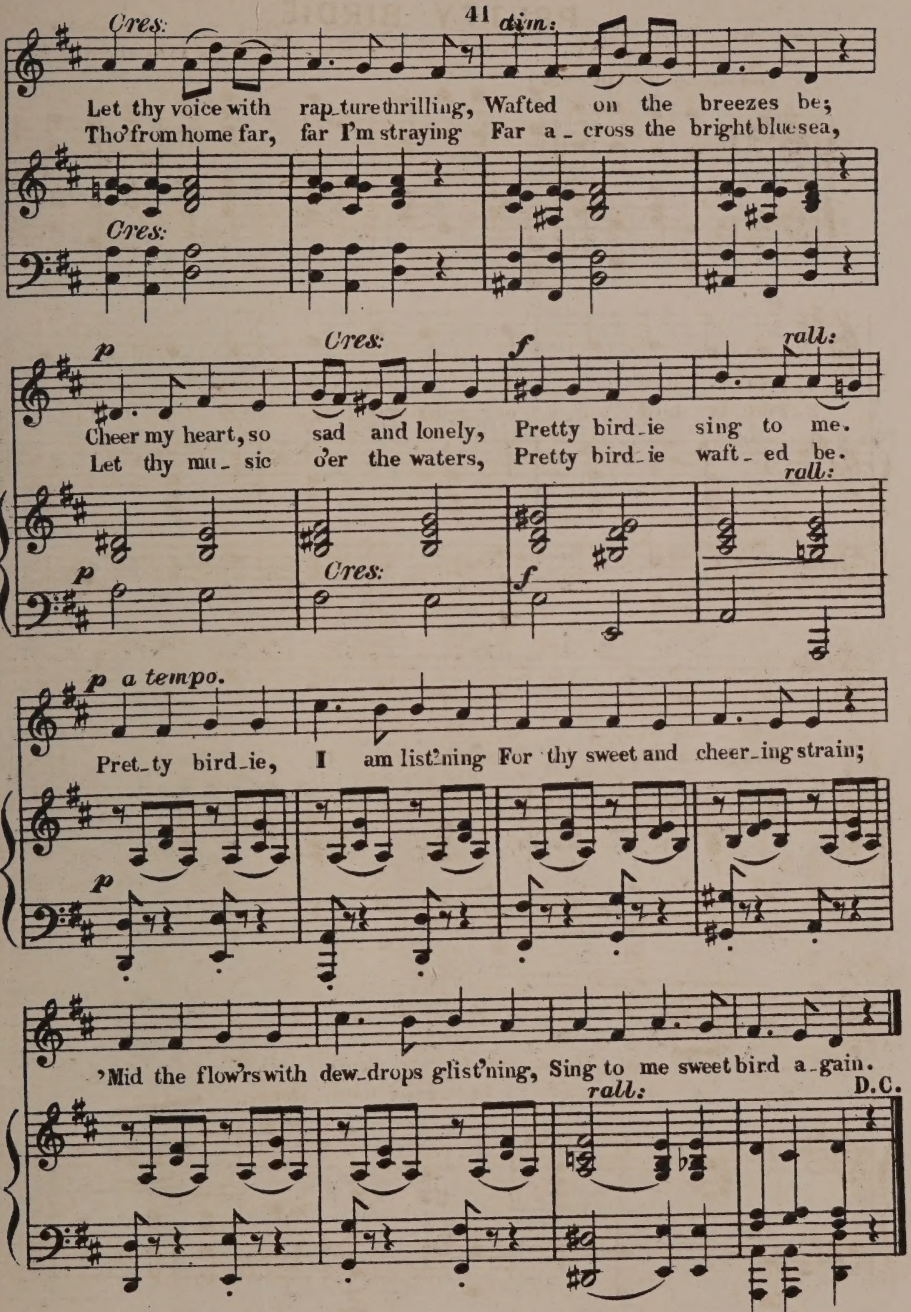
PRETTY BIRDIE.

Words by
GEORGE H. MAY.

Music by
F. SCARSBROOK.

Andante con espress:

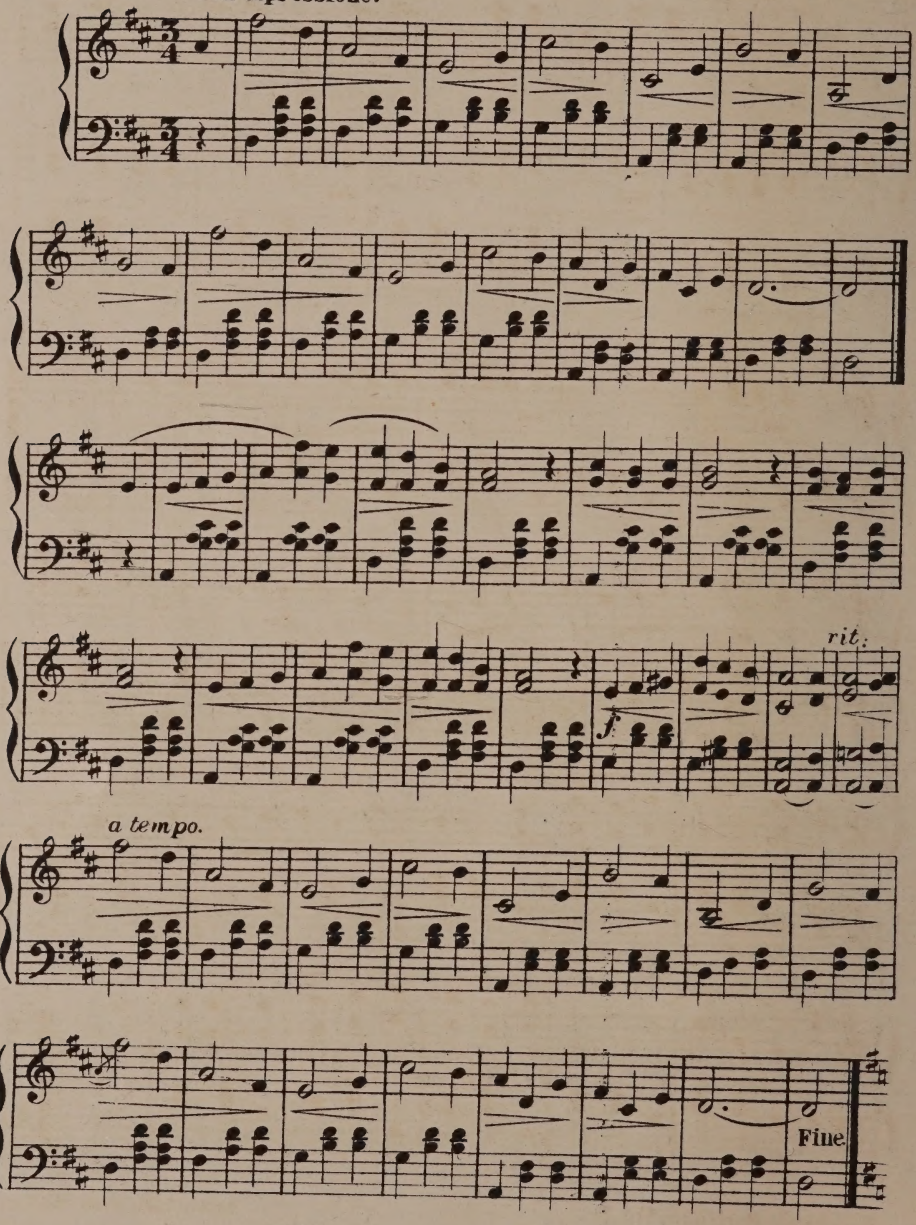


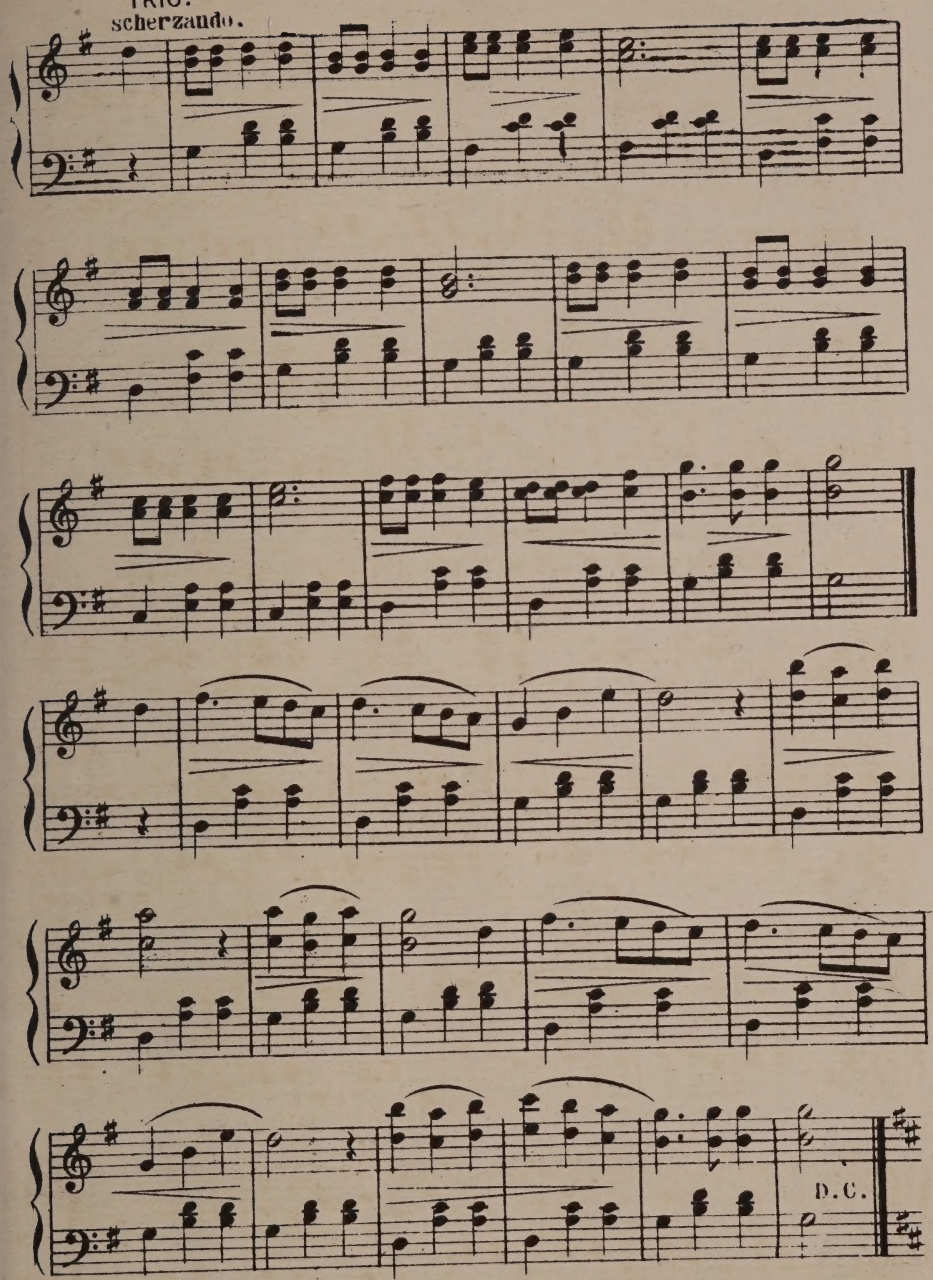

Cres:
dim:
Let thy voice with rap_ture thrilling, Wafted on the breezes be;
Tho' from home far, far I'm straying Far a_cross the bright blue sea,
Cres:
p
Cres:
f
rall:
Cheer my heart, so sad and lonely, Pretty bird_ie sing to me.
Let thy mu_sic o'er the waters, Pretty bird_ie waft_ed be.
rall:
p
Cres:
f
p a tempo.
Pret_ty bird_ie, I am list'ning For thy sweet and cheer_ing strain;
p
'Mid the flow'rs with dew_drops glist'ning, Sing to me sweet bird a_gain.
rall:
D.C.

"LITTLE BLUE EYES" WALTZ.

con espressione.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.

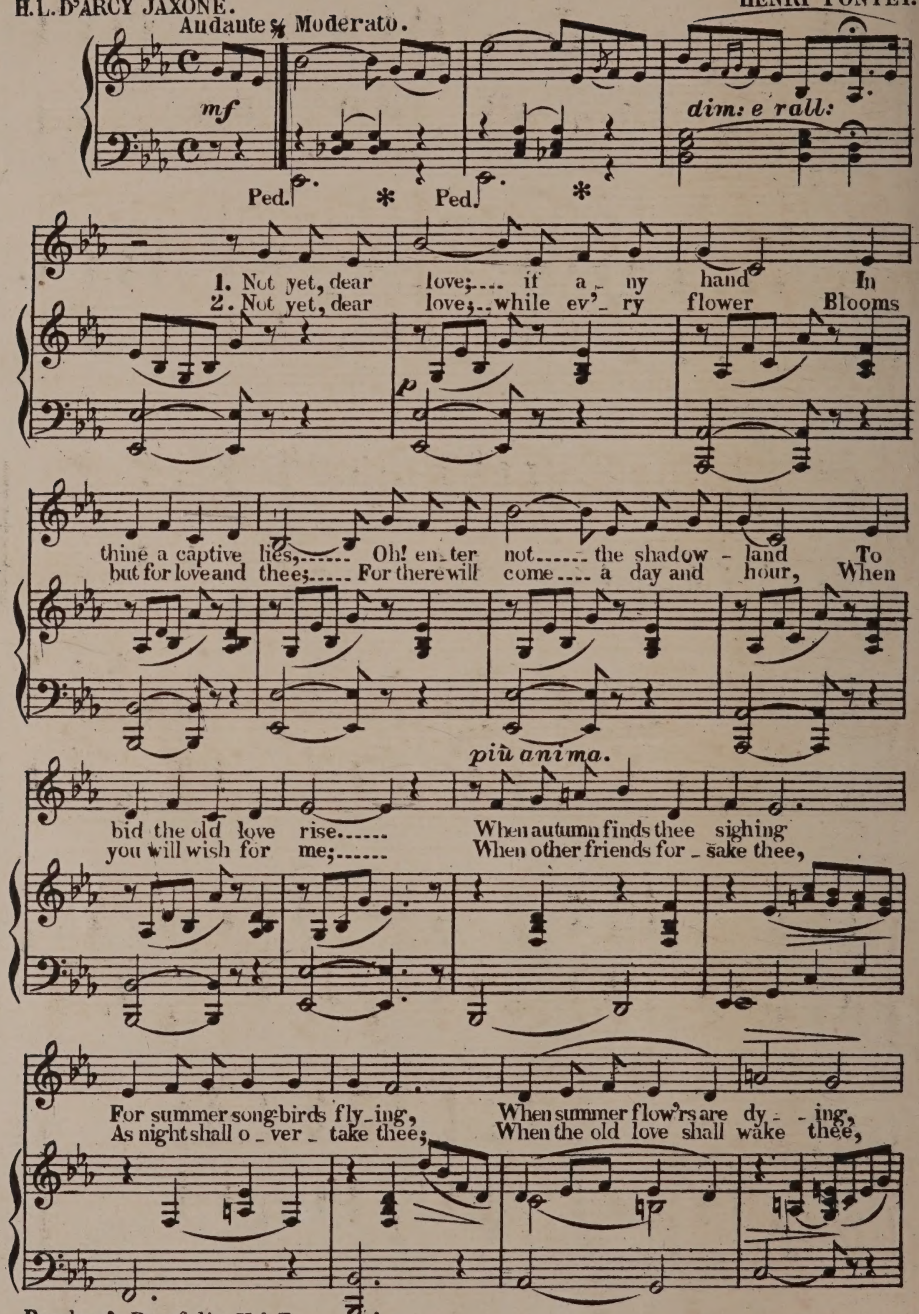


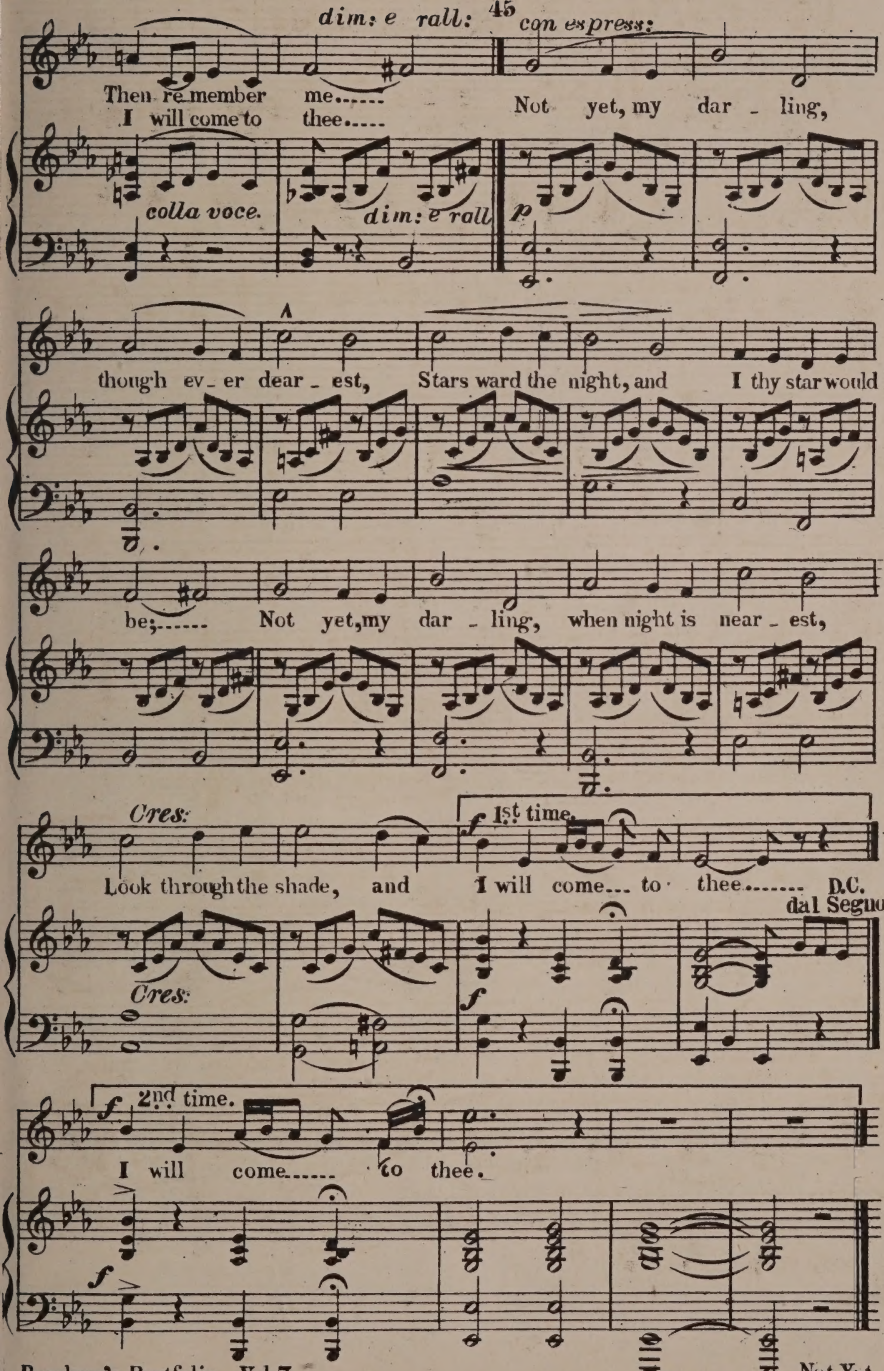

TRIO.
scherzando.
D.C.

NOT YET.

Words by
H.L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

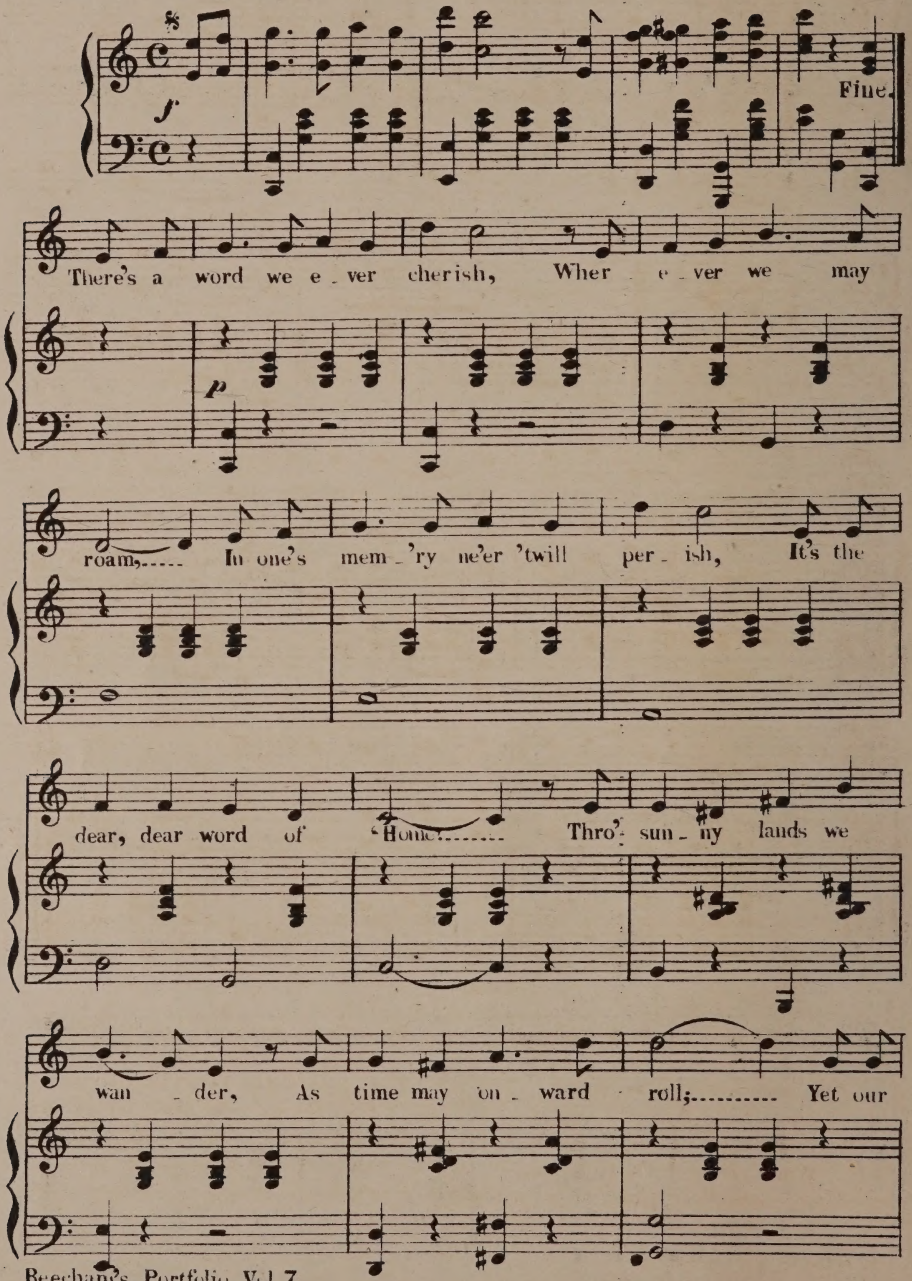
Music by
HENRY PONTET.

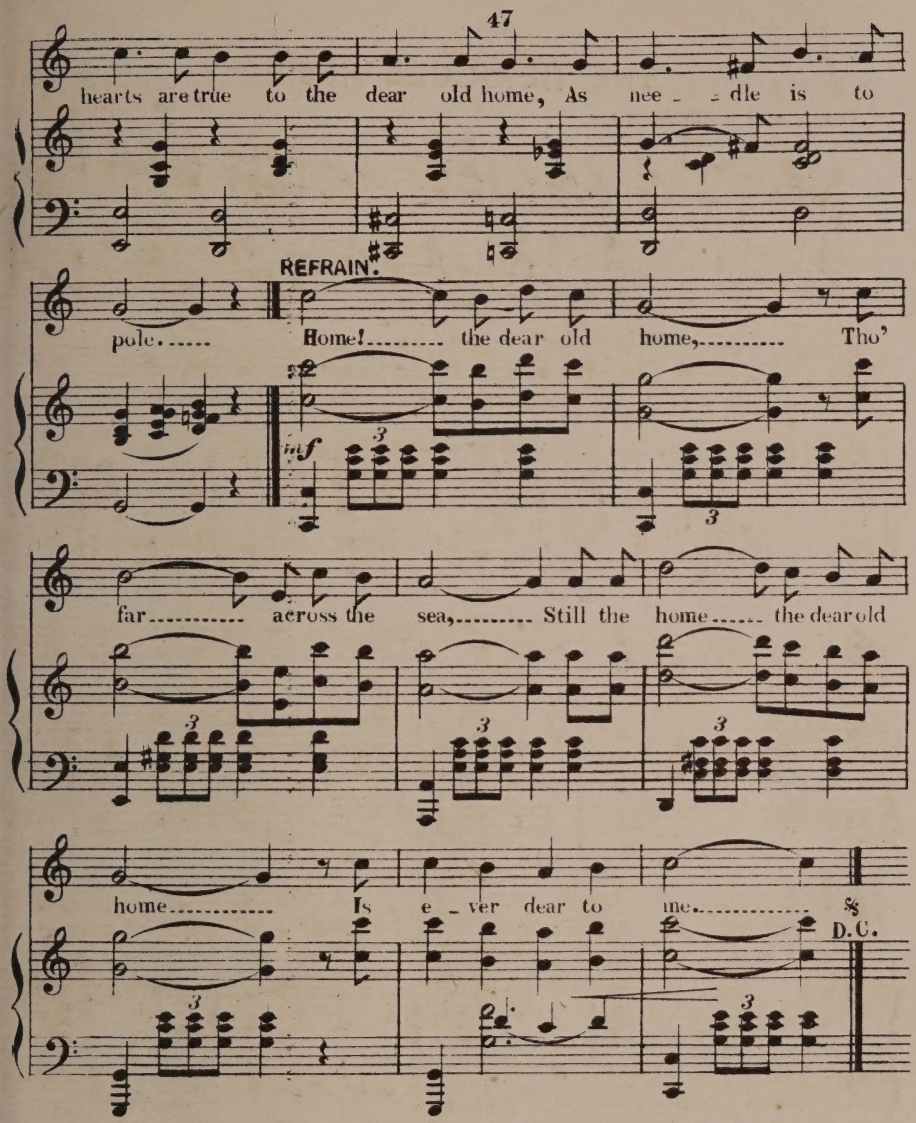



dim: e rall:
con espress:
Then re_member me.....
I will come to thee.....
Not yet, my dar _ ling,
colla voce.
dim: e rall
p
though ev_er dear _ est,
Stars ward the night, and I thy star would
be;.....
Not yet, my dar _ ling, when night is near _ est,
Cres:
f 1st time.
Look through the shade, and I will come... to thee..... D.C.
dal Segno.
Cres:
f
f 2nd time.
I will come..... to thee.
f
dim: e rall

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

Written and Composed by G.H. HUNT.





2

Be the Home a princely mansion,
Be the Home a lowly cot,
Our memory sweetly lingers
Around the dear old spot.
In trouble, or in sunny times,
Where'er our lot's to roam,
There's one dear place we ne'er forget,
And that's the dear old home.
Refrain.

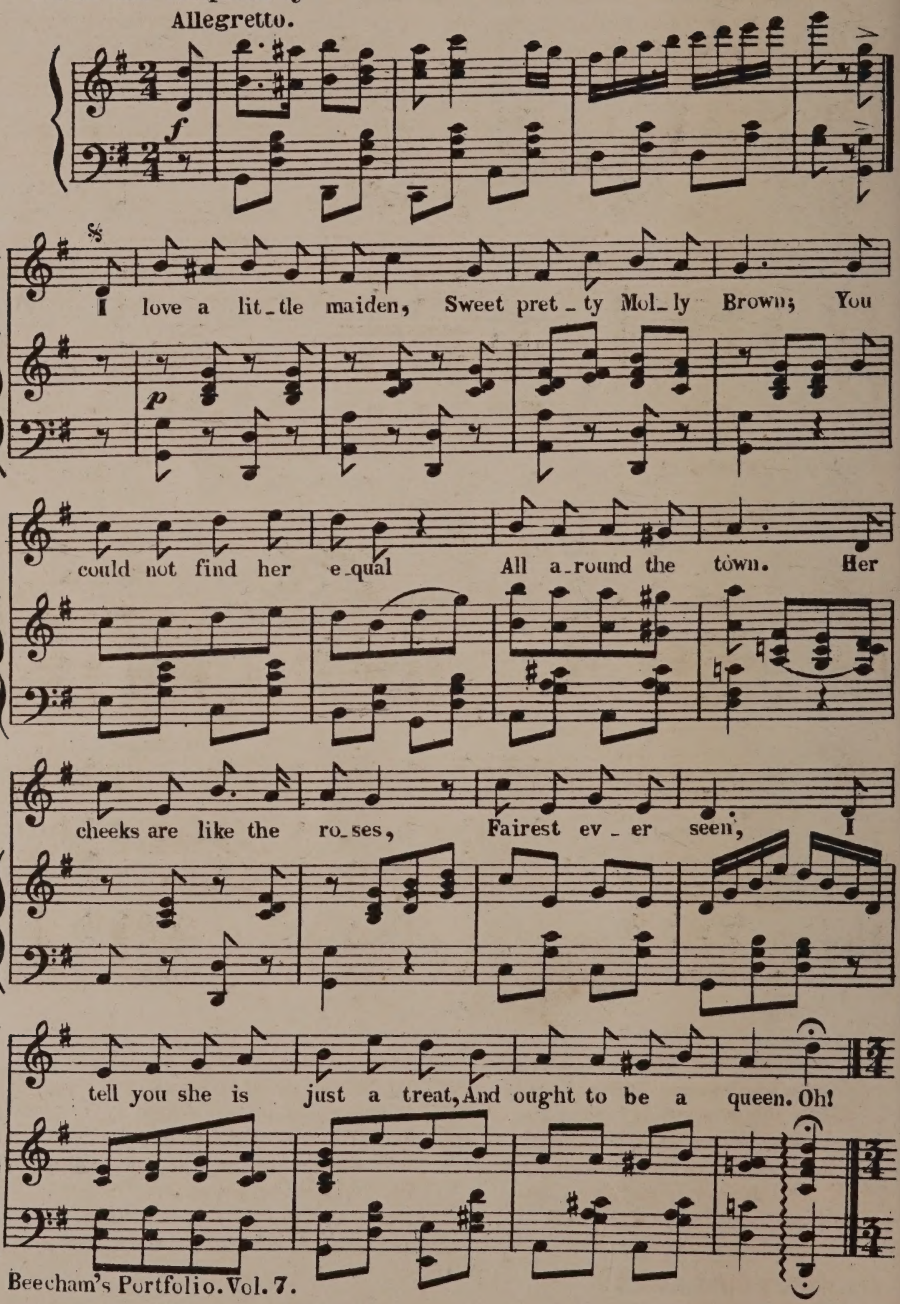
3

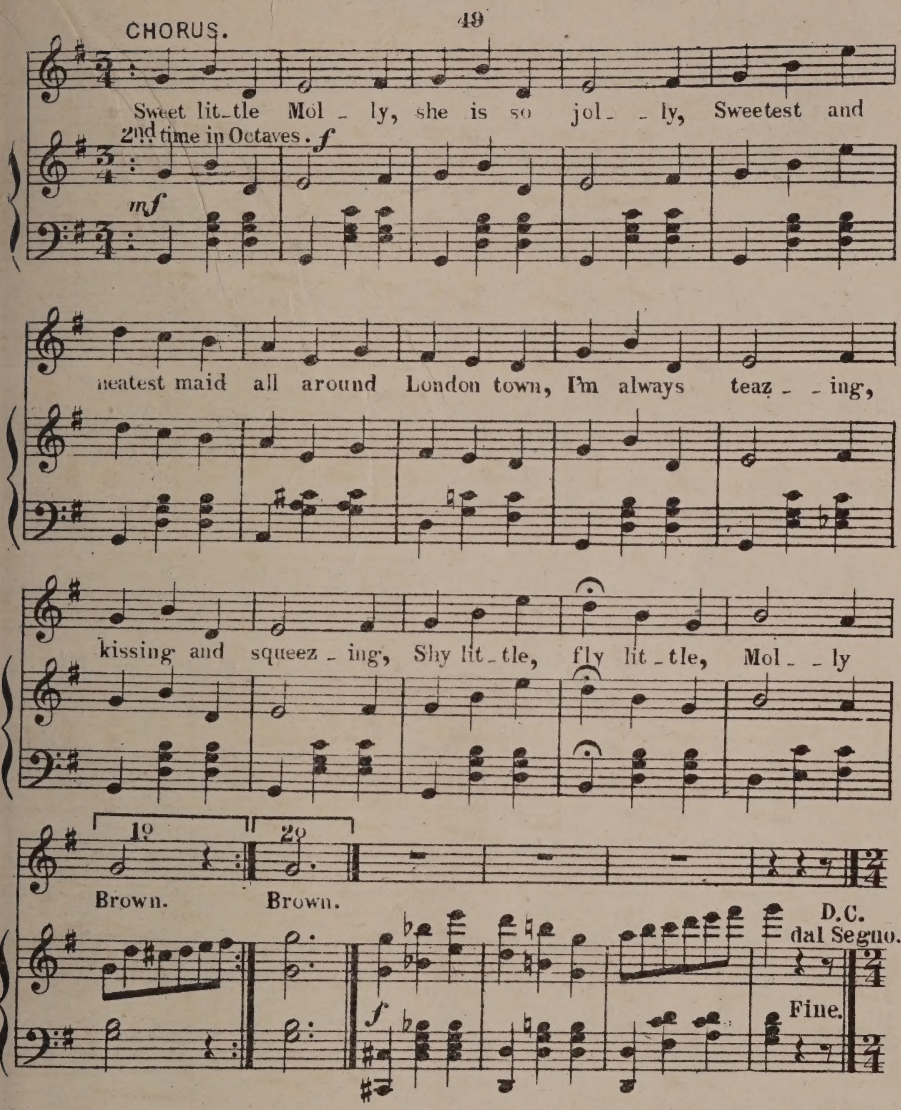
Beneath its roof we learned to lisp
The prayer at mother's knee;
The joyous days of childhood passed,
The like we ne'er shall see.
When life was always spring-time,
And sorrow seemed for none;
'Neath the dear old roof that sheltered
The loved ones — dead and gone.
Refrain.

MOLLY BROWN.

Written and Composed by CARL HOWARD.

Allegretto.





2

You should see her on Sundays,
Dressed up in her best clothes,
Fairly mashing ev'ry one,
As along she goes.
The boys all lift their cadies,
Girls with envy sigh,
Ah! she is a fair take down,
The apple of my eye._Oh! (Chorus.)

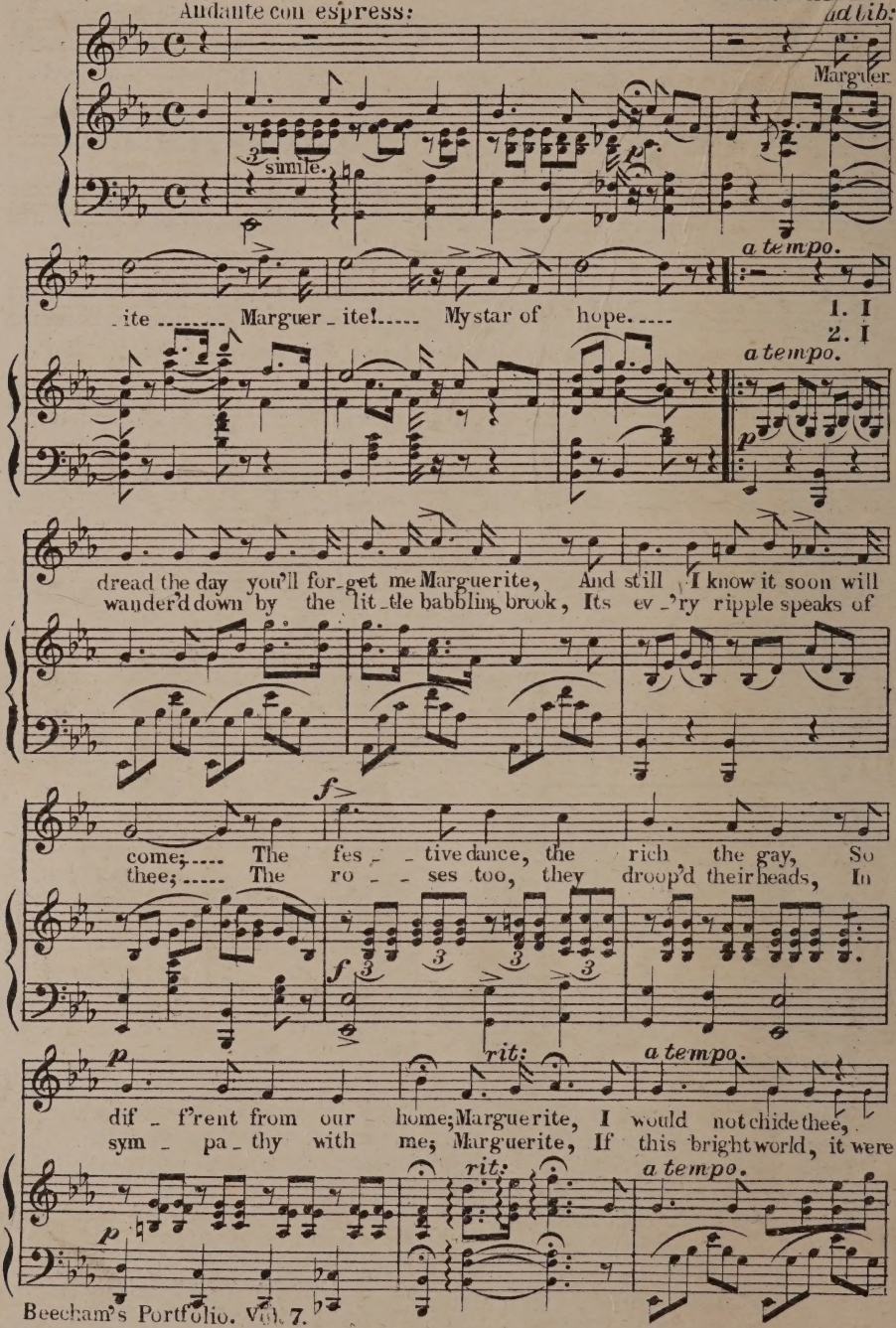
3

Twas one night in the moonlight,
When she strolled by my side,
I summon'd up my courage,
Said, "Oh! be my bride."
Well first she coughed and murmur'd,
Blush'd and look'd so shy,
I put my arm around her, then
She answer'd, "Well, I'll try." Oh! (Chorus.)

Words & Music by

MARGUERITE.

C. A. WHITE.



chide thee Marguerite, Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet;----- But
all of mine to give, I'd proud-ly lay it at thy feet;------ But

oh! I dread that drea-ry day, You'll me for-get, Marguerite, But
oh! the thought you'll not be mine, Will break my heart, Marguerite, But

1st Verse.

oh! I dread that drea-ry day, You'll me for-get, Marguerite,
oh! the thought you'll not be mine, Will break my

a tempo.

2nd Verse.

heart, Marguerite,

rall:

Ped. * Ped. *

ad lib:

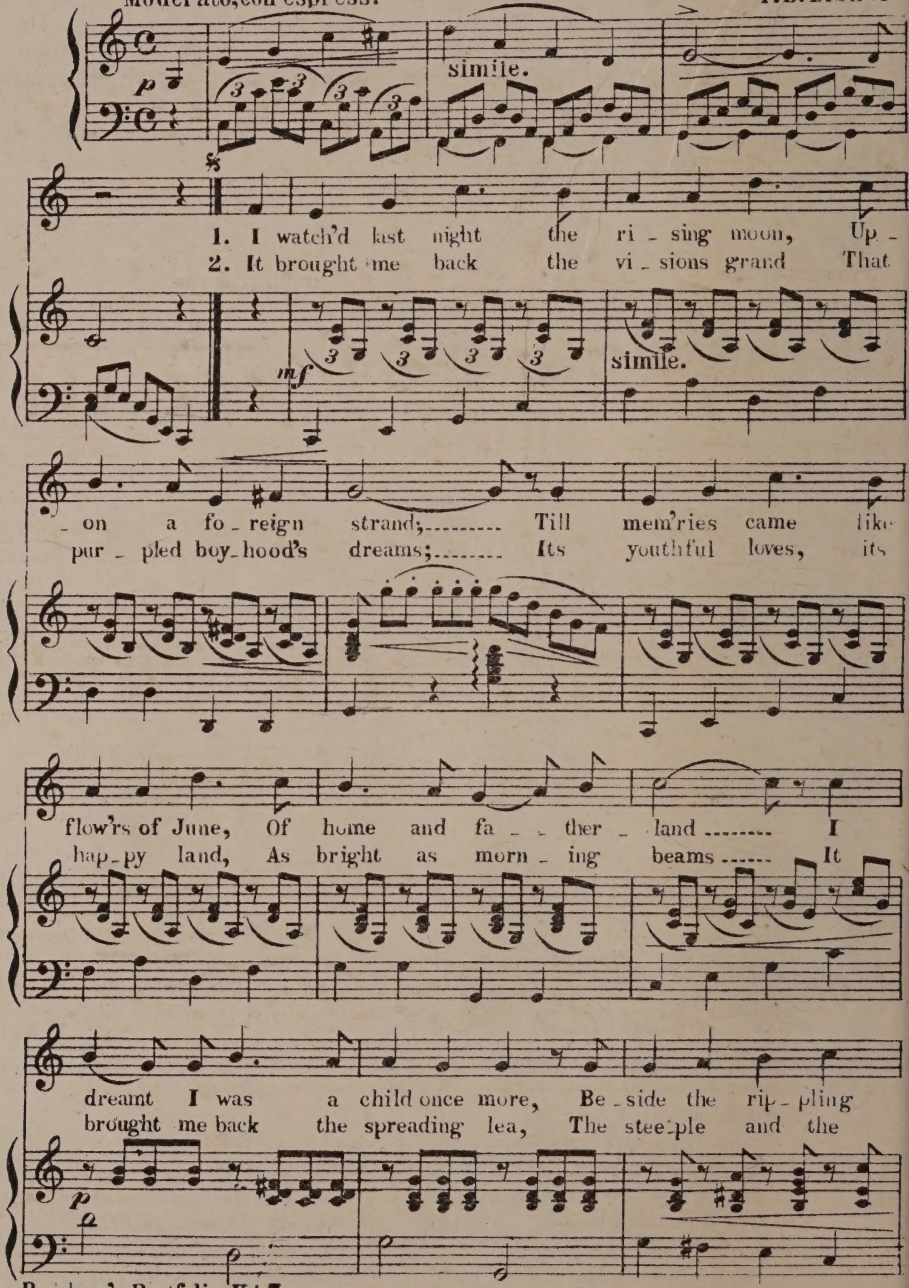
Marguerite.

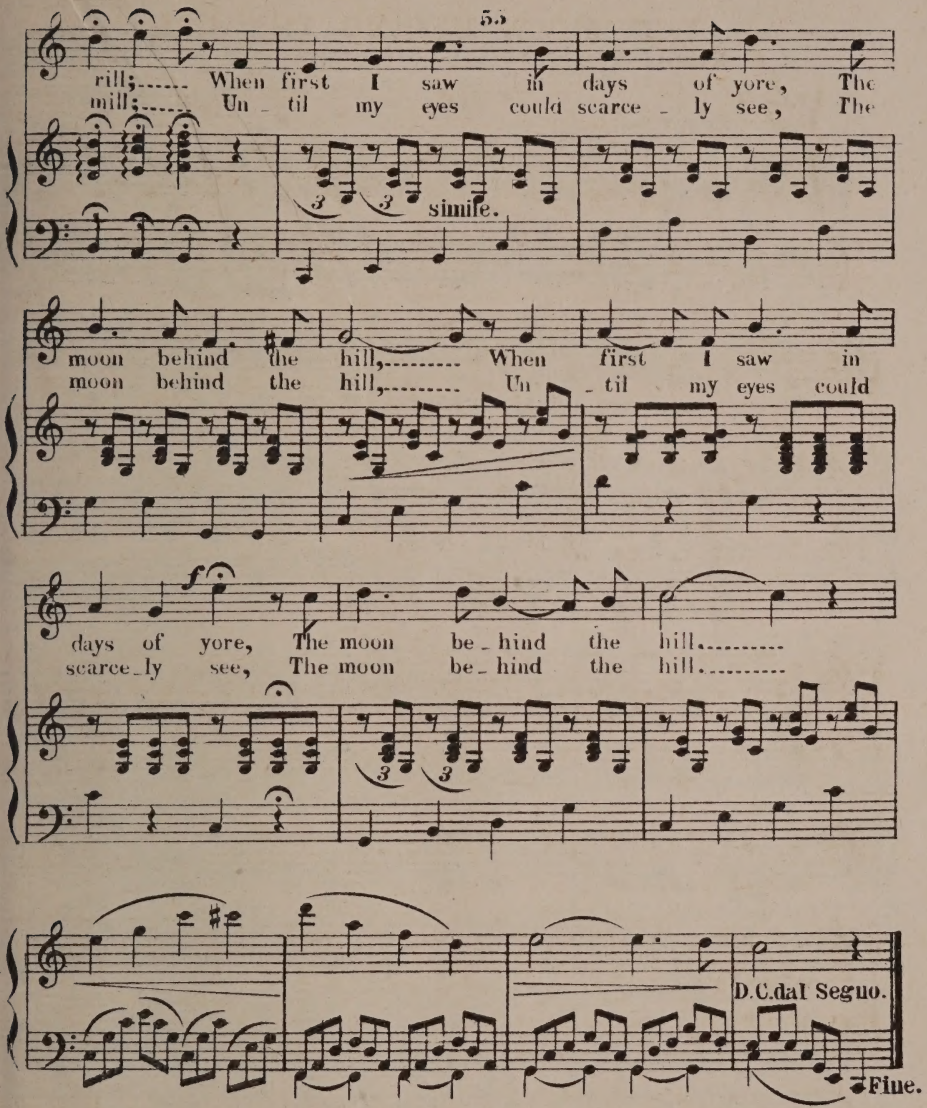
a tempo. rall: Fine.

colla voce. mf

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

Music by T. B. BISHOP.





3

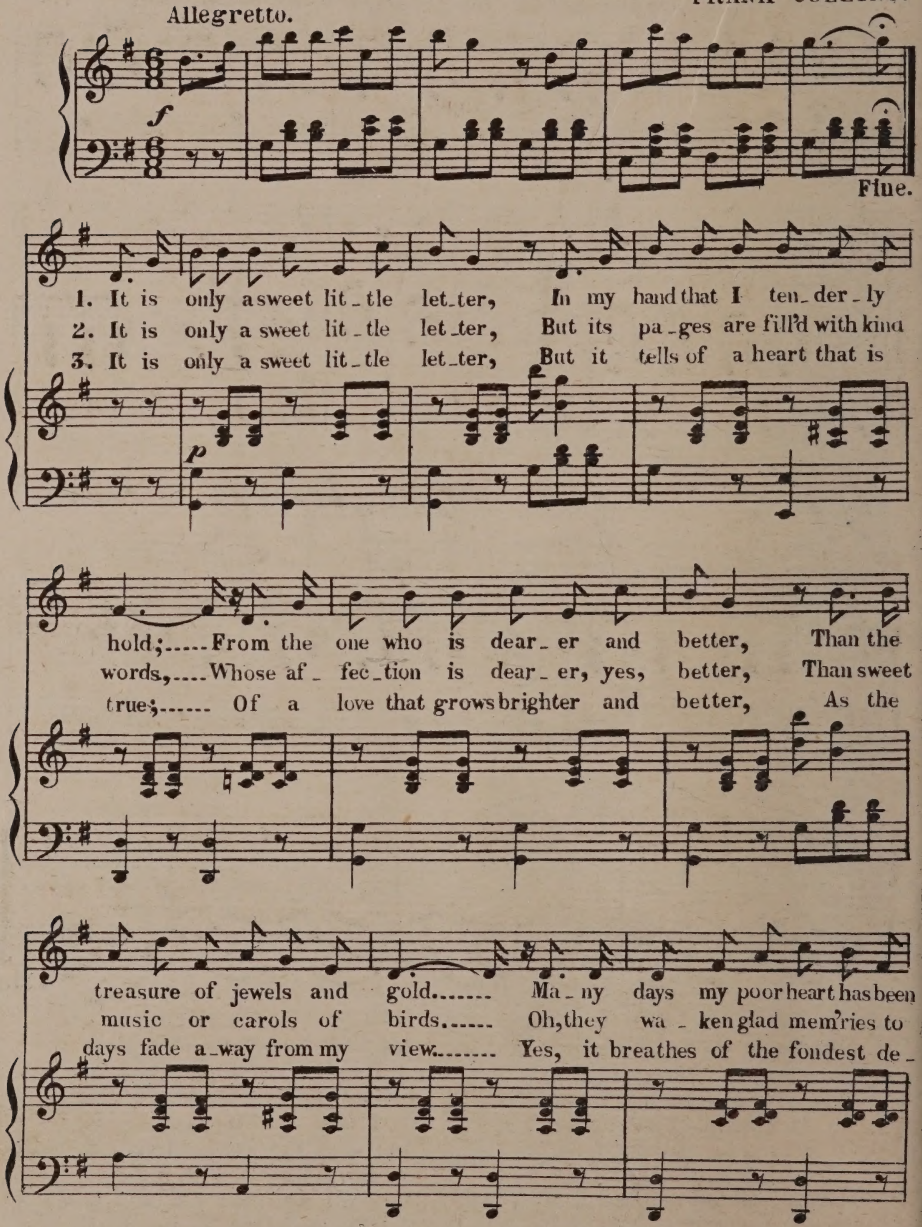
It brought me back a mother's love,
Until, in accents wild,
I pray'd her from her home above,
To guard her lonely child:
It brought me one across the wave,
To live in mem'ry still;
It brought me back my Mary's grave,
The moon behind the hill.

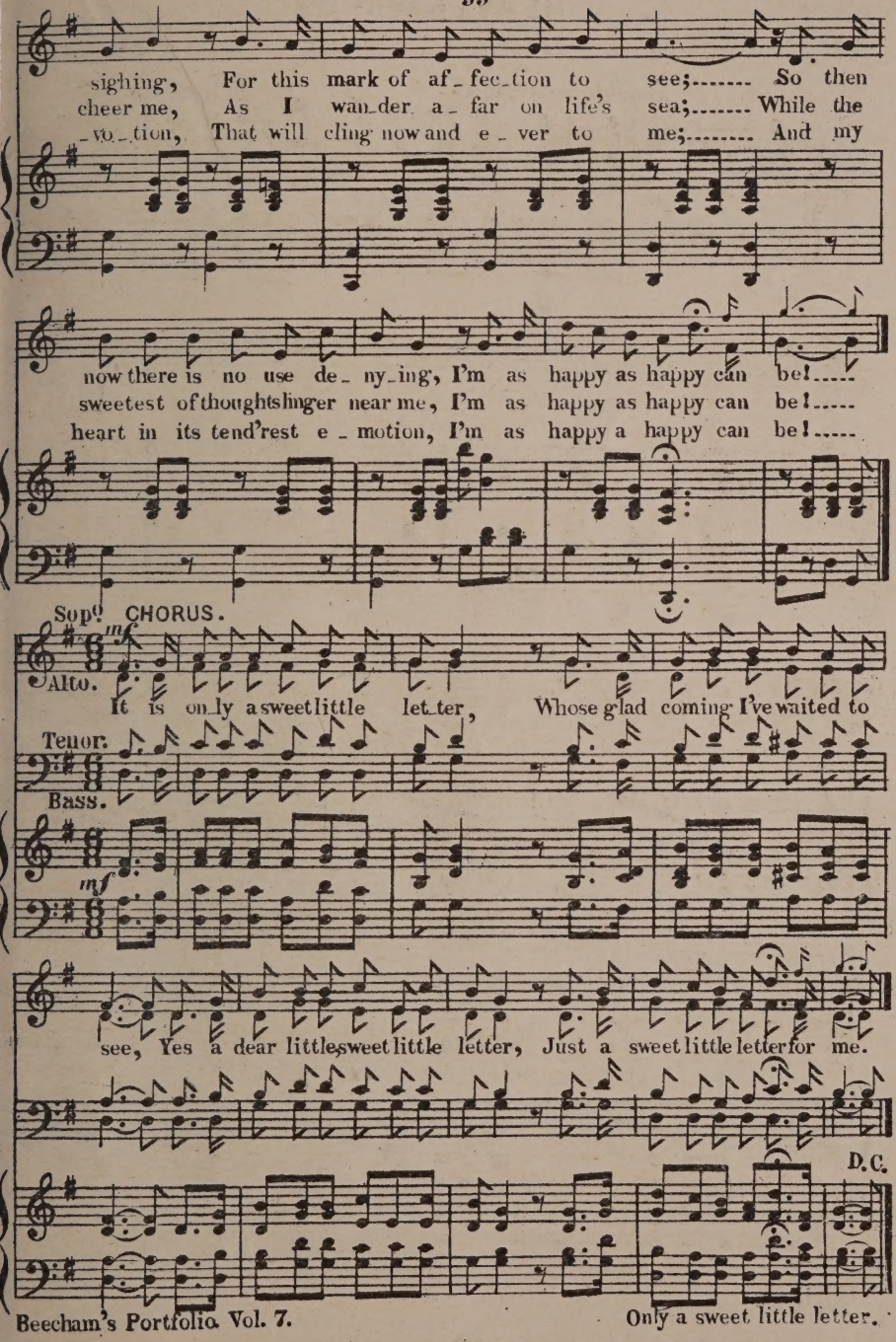
4

And there beneath the sily'ry sky,
I liv'd life o'er again;
I counted all its hopes gone by,
I wept at all its pain;
And when I'm gone, oh! may some tongue,
The minstrel's wish fulfil;
And still remember him who sung,
"The moon behind the hill!"

ONLY A SWEET LITTLE LETTER.

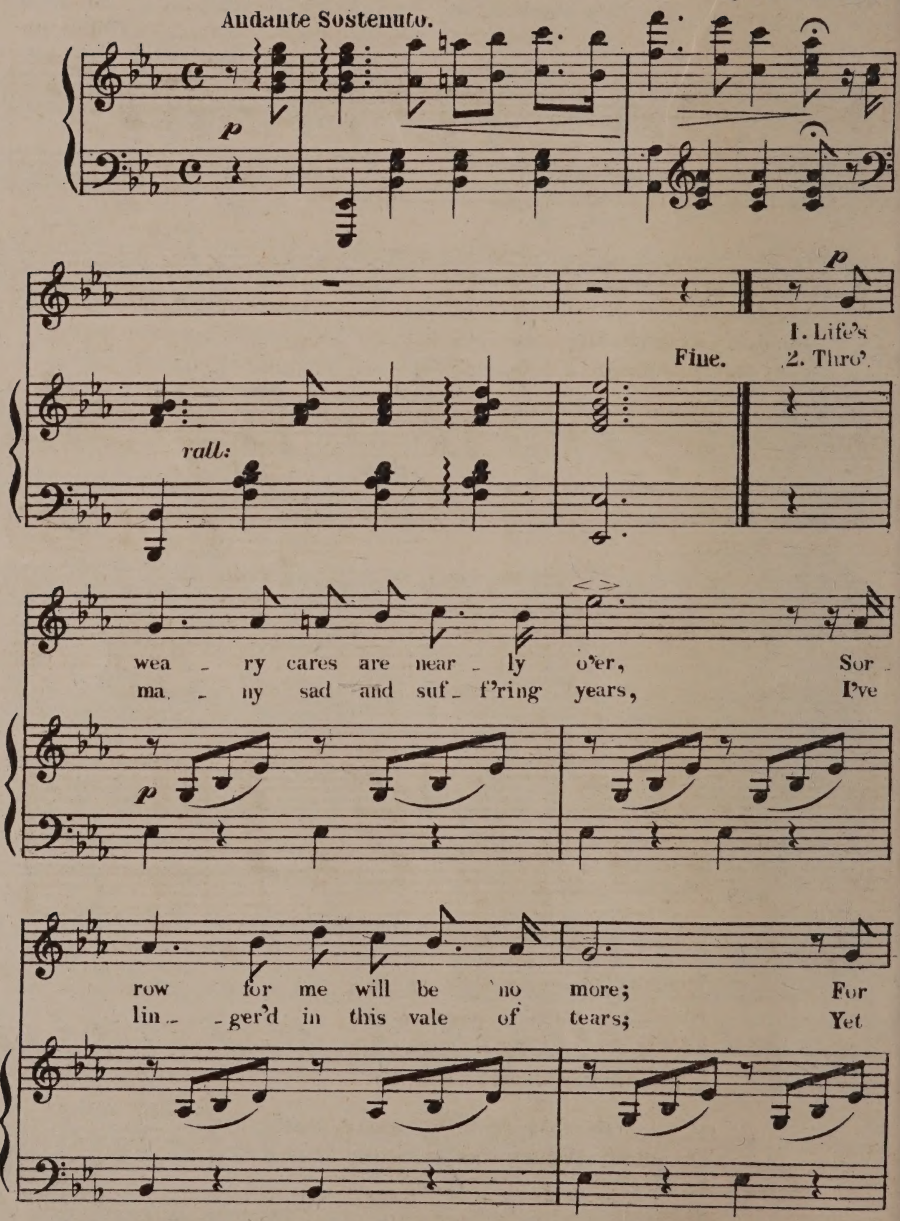
FRANK COLLINS.

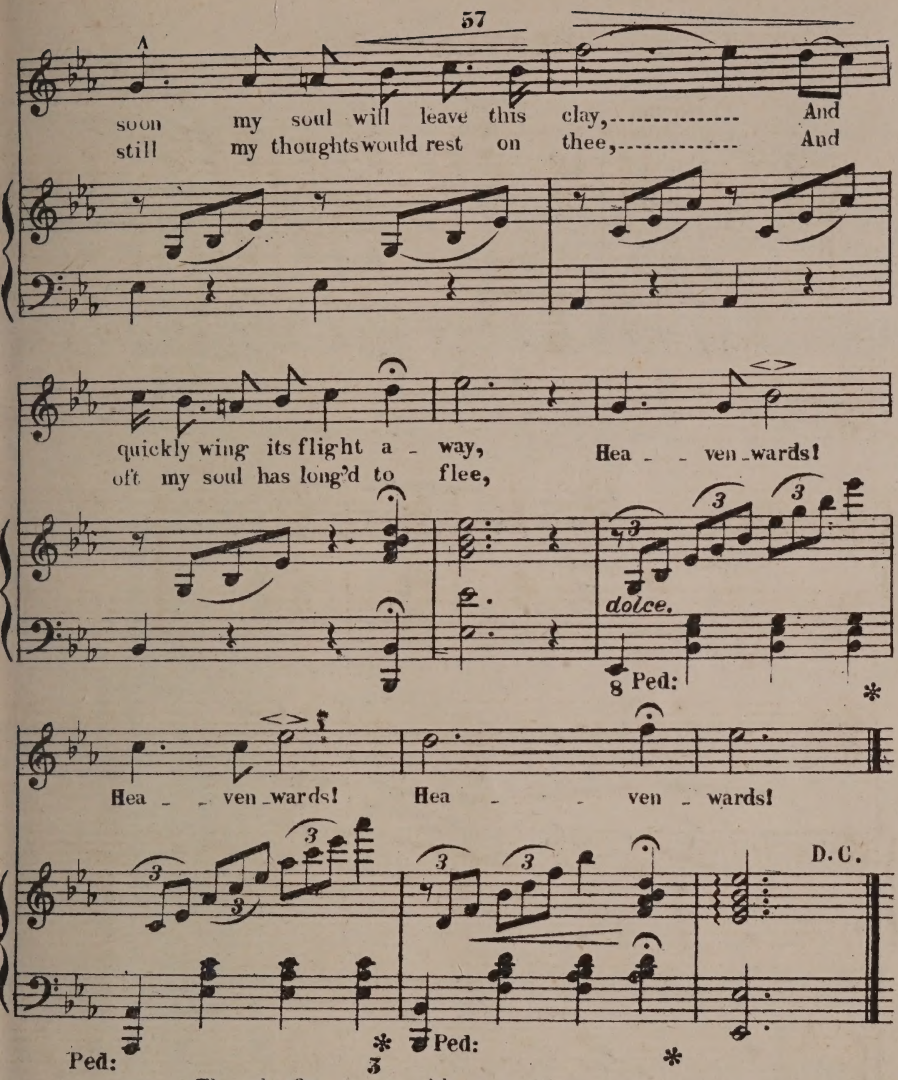



sighing, For this mark of af_fec_tion to see;..... So then
cheer me, As I wan_der a_far on life's sea;..... While the
_vo_tion, That will cling now and e_ver to me;..... And my
now there is no use de_ny_ing, I'm as happy as happy can be!.....
sweetest of thoughts linger near me, I'm as happy as happy can be!.....
heart in its tend'rest e_motion, I'm as happy a happy can be!.....
Sop. CHORUS.
mf
Alto.
It is on_ly a sweet little let_ter, Whose glad coming I've waited to
Tenor.
Bass.
mf
see, Yes a dear little sweet little letter, Just a sweet little letter for me.
D.C.

HEAVENWARDS!

Words and Music
by F.W. SWIFT.





Though often weary with my pain,
My life on earth without one aim,
I know that, all my sorrows o'er,
I shall rest on a happier shore.

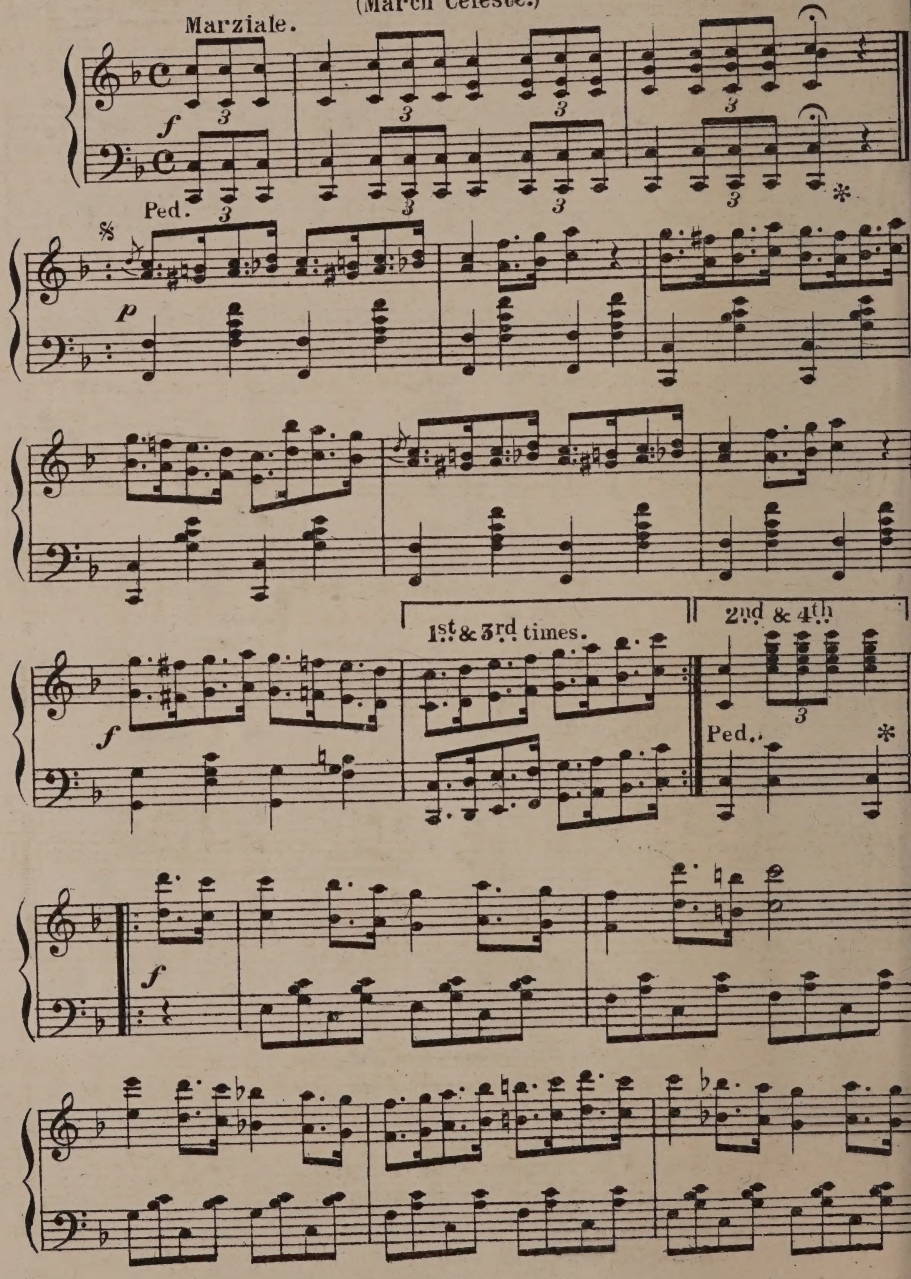
4

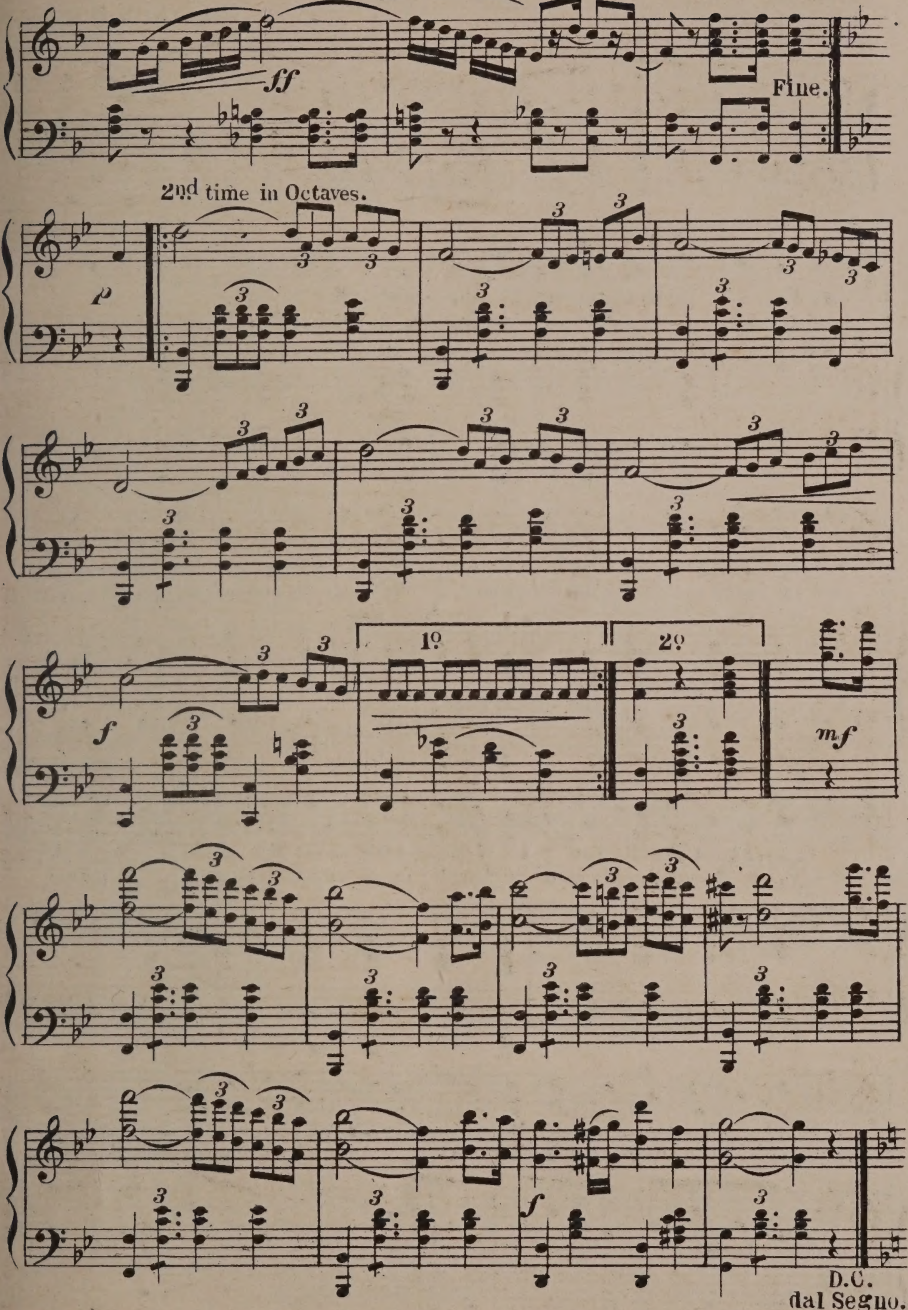
When I lie sleeping in my grave,
Let pretty flowers o'er me wave,
For waving there they'll seem to say,
His spirit now is far away.

HEAVENWARD.

(March Celeste.)

VILBRÉ.



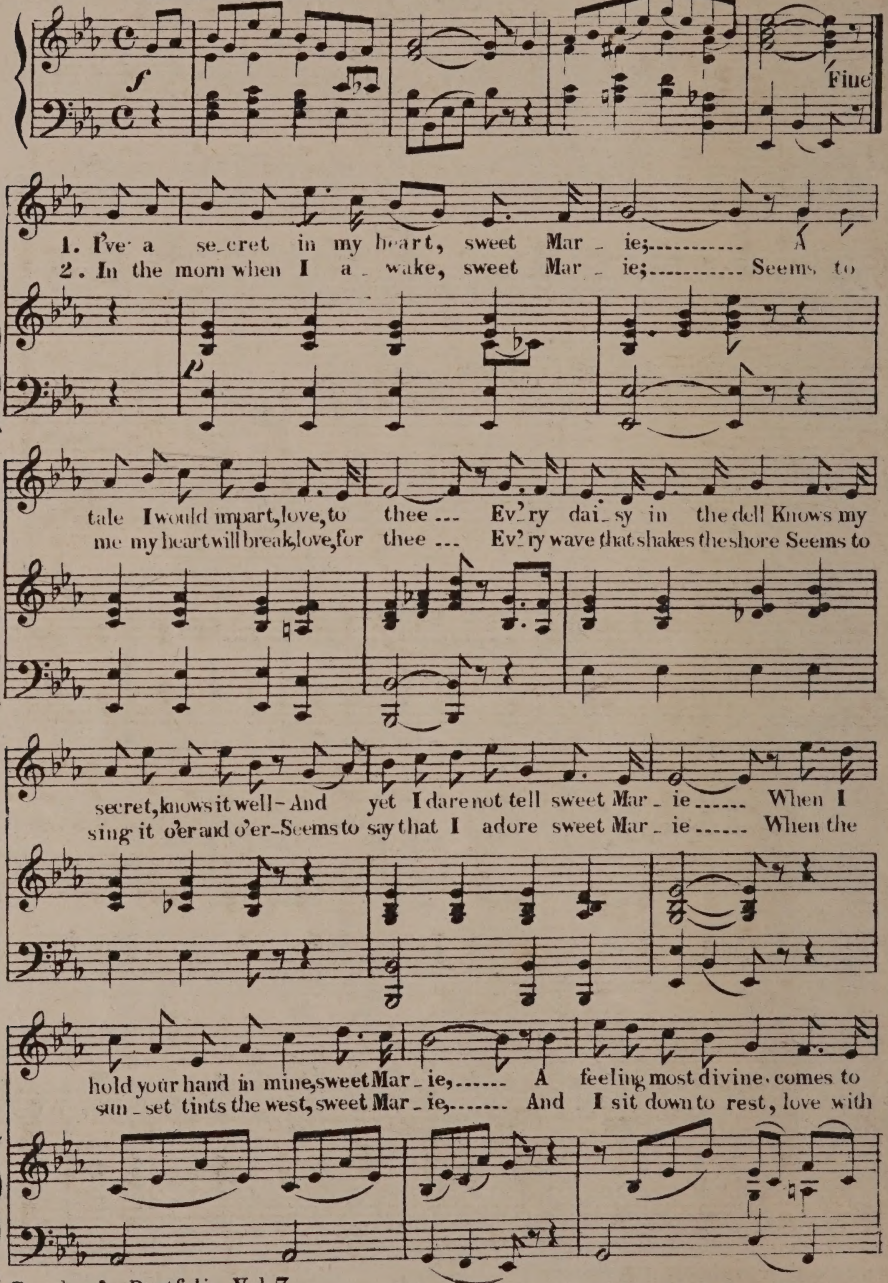

ff
Fine.
2nd time in Octaves.
p
1º
2º
f
mf
f
D.C.
dal Segno.

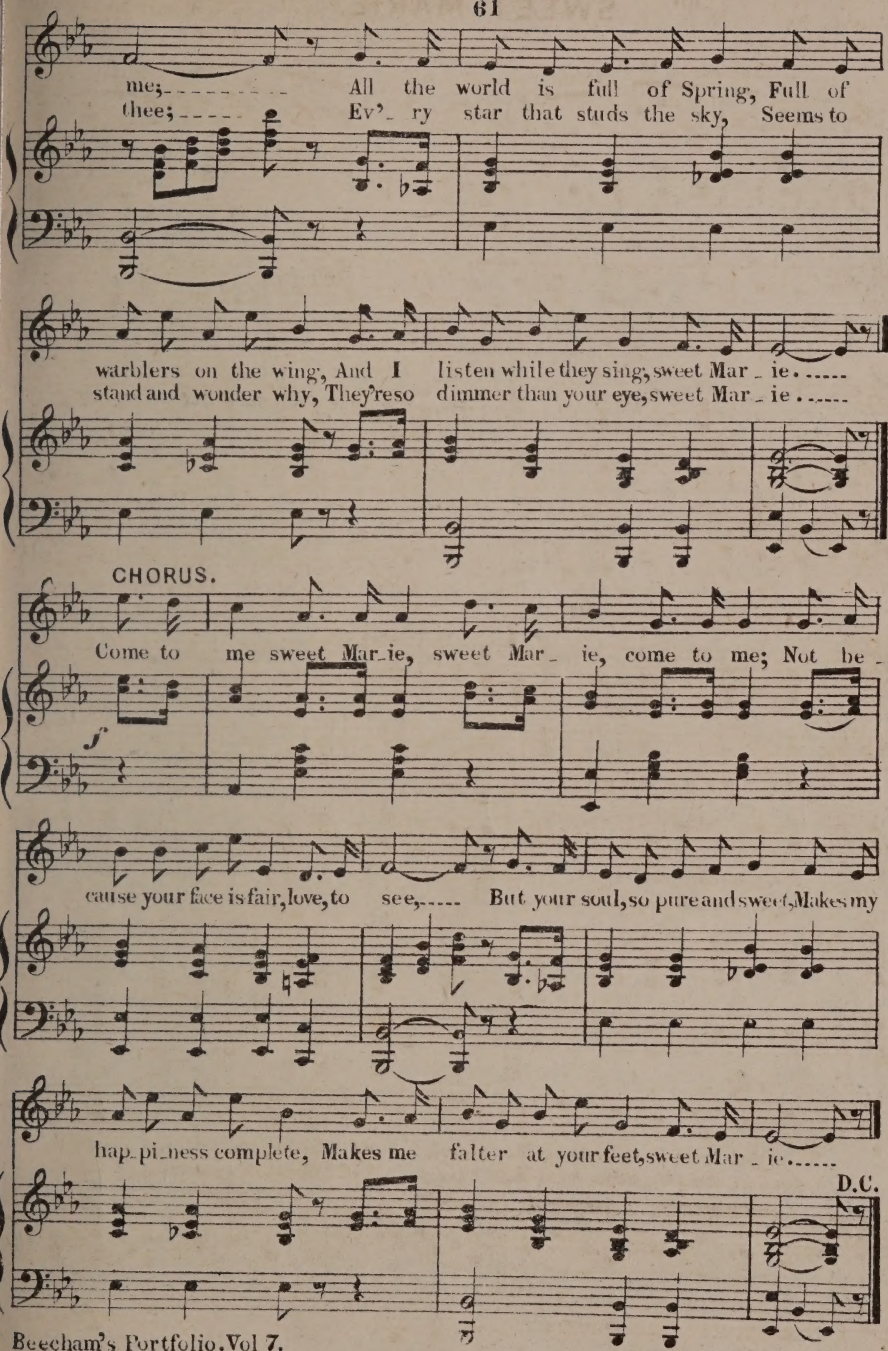
SWEET MARIE.

Words by
Cy. WARMAN.

Music by
RAYMON MOORE.

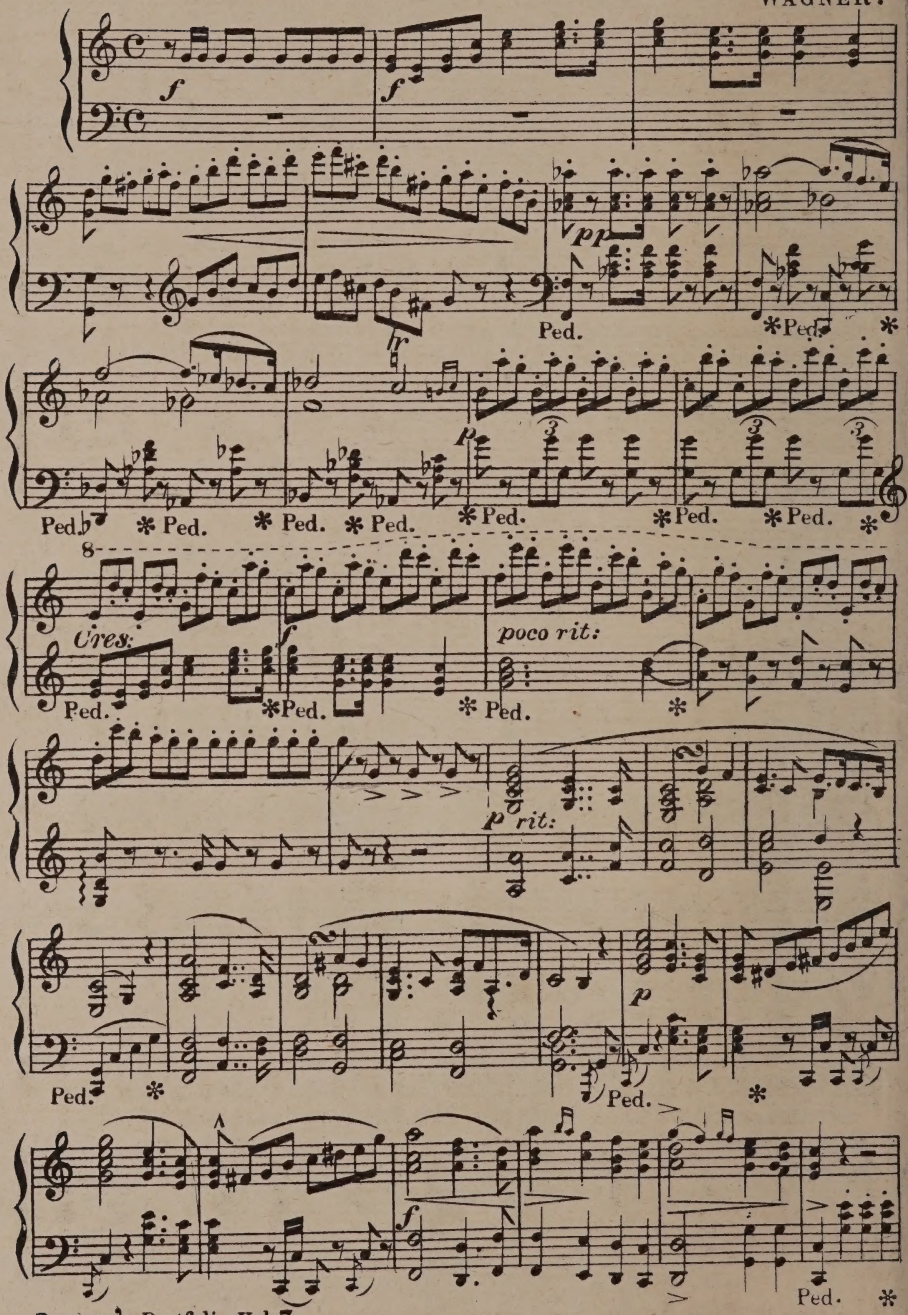
Andante Moderato.

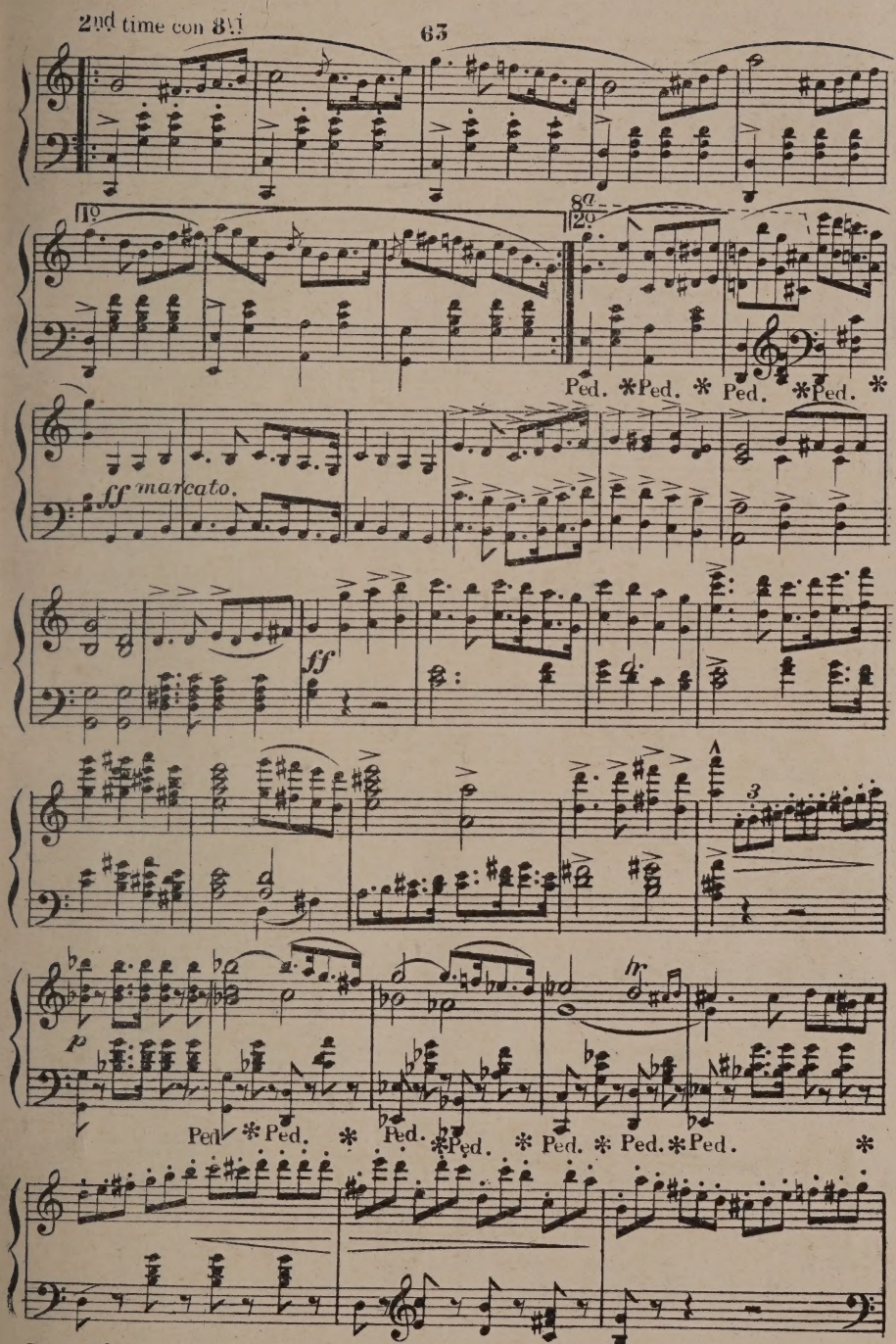


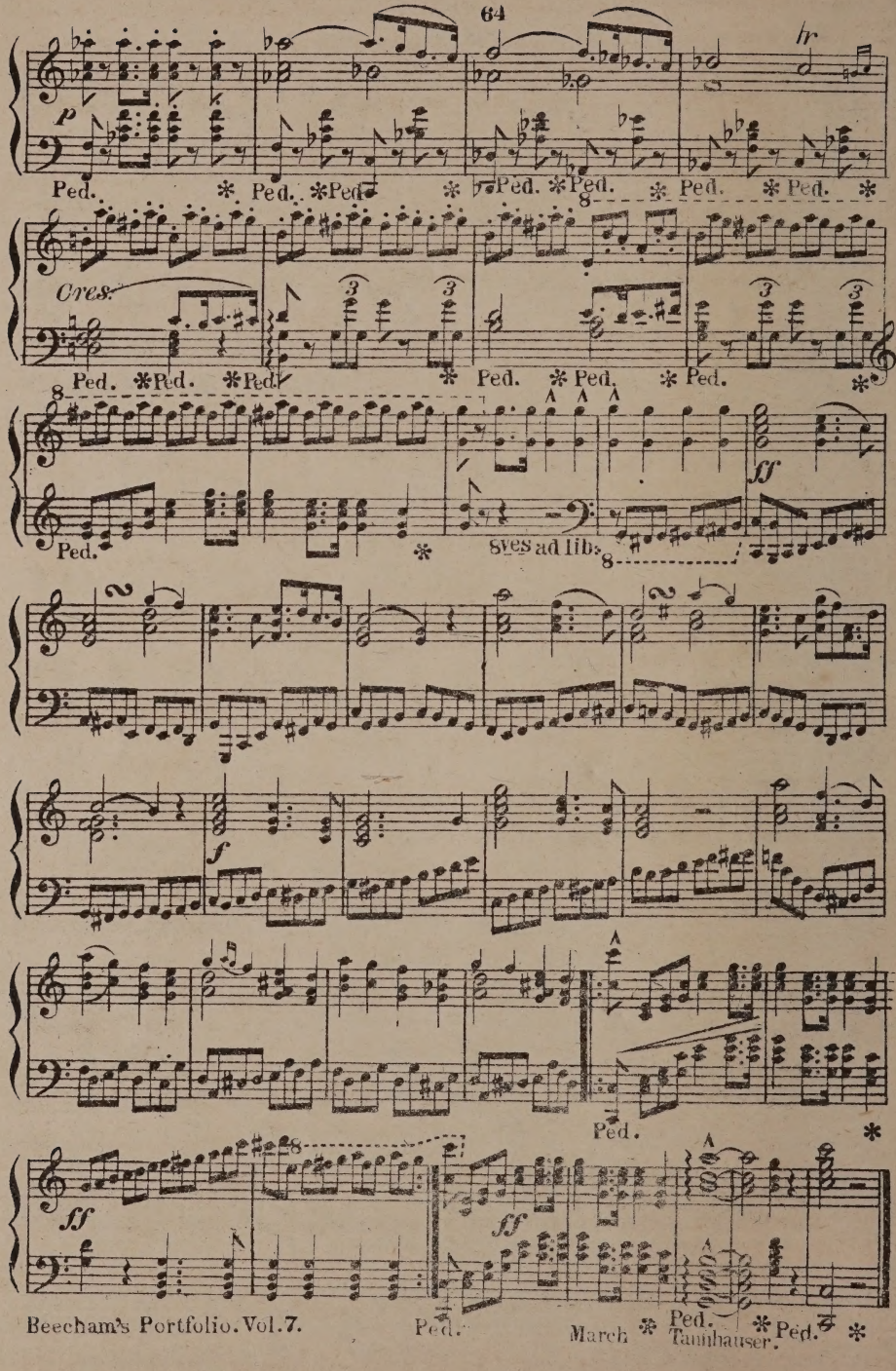

me; All the world is full of Spring, Full of
thee; Ev'ry star that studs the sky, Seems to
warblers on the wing, And I listen while they sing, sweet Mar_ie.....
stand and wonder why, They're so dimmer than your eye, sweet Mar_ie.....
CHORUS.
Come to me sweet Mar_ie, sweet Mar_ie, come to me; Not be_
f
cause your face is fair, love, to see,..... But your soul, so pure and sweet, Makes my
hap_pi_ness complete, Makes me falter at your feet, sweet Mar_ie.....
D.C.

MARCH FROM "TANNHAUSER."

WAGNER.




2nd time con 8va
1o
8va
2o
Ped. *Ped. * Ped. *Ped. *
ff marcato.
ff
3
p
hr
Ped. *Ped. * Ped. *Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *Ped. *



March Tannhauser.

TITULAR EVIDENCE & ADVICE.

"The Anchor's Weighed" in the "Bay of Biscay" with a supply of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Skipper" and "The Midshipmite" would be "Anchored" but for BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Simon the Cellarer" after "Drinking" takes BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Annie Laurie" felt annoyed "When Other Lips" consumed her BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Village Blacksmith" advised "Daisy Bell" to use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Old English Gentleman" gave each of "The Hundred Pipers" a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"All's Well" when you have a supply of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

'I know a Bank" whereon "My Pretty Jane" sat and took two BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Old Folks at Home" have "Golden Days" thanks to BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"In happy Moments" "After the Ball" do not forget to take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Maggie Murphy's Home," "On the Banks of Allan Water," always possesses a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Last Rose of Summer" will fade from your cheeks without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"John Peel" was made "Ruddier than the Cherry" by using BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Vicar of Bray" and "Father O'Flynn" could do, could do with BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"A Boy's best Friend is his Mother" when she doses him with BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"We may be happy yet" by simply taking a few of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Should he upbraid" then give him BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Holy Friar" and "The Monks of Old" all chant the praises of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Children's Home" is not "Home, sweet Home" without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Life let us cherish," and this can best be done by using BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Minstrel Boy" sang "Come into the garden, Maud," and take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"There's nae luck aboot the hoose" without BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Robin Adair" was completely "Stranded" until he took BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" then have recourse to BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Miner" and "The Four Jolly Smiths" swear by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"Oh! Willie brewed a peck o' Maut," but in the morning he required BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"The Old Brigade" are made as "Trusty as Steel" by the use of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

"She wandered down the mountain side" to buy BEECHAM'S PILLS.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, & Female Ailments.

CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLLION BOXES PER ANNUM.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM,

St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d, 1/1½ & 2/9 each.

Full Directions with each Box.